The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

April 22, 1922

Herein Is Love

Herein is love: to strip the shoulders bare
If need be, that a frailer one may wear
A mantle to protect him from the storm;
To bear the frost king's breath so he be warm;
To crush the tears it would be sweet to shed,
And smile so others may have joy instead.

Herein is love: to daily sacrifice
The hope that to the bosom closest lies;
To mutely bear reproach and suffer wrong:
Nor lift the voice to show where these belong—
Nay, more, nor tell it e'en to God above;
Herein is love—indeed herein is love.

Selected.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

What a grotesque sort of democracy, which can find no better use for such men as Mahatma Gandhi and Lajpat Rai than to keep them locked behind prison bars! (*Freeman.*)

υ λ

No idealism whatever characterizes the Army and Navy Bills now before Congress. Both are based frankly on the policy of armed preparedness. (*Commission on International Reduction of Armaments.*)

υ λ

I wish my dog could talk to me.
With thoughts his eyes are big and dark.
How sociable our days would be
If he could speak or I could bark.

(*Cheerful Cherub.*)

υ λ

Mr. Darwin, if alive, might concede, at that, that his theory of evolution could not explain William J. Bryan. (*Columbia Record.*)

υ λ

Chattel slavery was abolished because it was felt to be immoral for any single man to have an absolute authority over the person of another man; but in our commercial-industrial civilization there are large areas where the power of capital exercises a sovereignty as real, if not actually as wide, as that of slave ownership. (*Richard Roberts.*)

υ λ

The decision to restore authority again to Turkey, the bandit nation, before the judgment again and again at the bar of humanity, and each time convicted of unparalleled atrocities, is inconceivable on any ground save the old, old ground of international jealousy. "What more could we have gained if we had won the war?" gleefully asks Turkey. "What is the use of winning when defeat is rewarded with the palm of victory?" Shortly we shall hear of further Armenian outrages. Given encouragement by the nations in whose hand is the balance of power, the Turk will persevere until he succeeds in his vow to utterly exterminate the Christian population of Armenia. (*Christian Register.*)

υ λ

There are 85,000 workers in the New England textile mills: 8,000 in the cotton mills of the Pawtuxet Valley, and 15,000 in the Blackstone Valley, or Rhode Island; 33,000 in the New Hampshire mills; 13,000 more at Lawrence, Massachusetts; and 16,000 in other New England towns. The walk-out started almost three months ago when the Rhode Island mills put into effect a 20 per cent cut in wages. The strike spread to New Hampshire and Massachusetts as mills in those states followed suit. (*Nation.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

No one ever argued his way into friendship.

* *

Most of our necessities are wholly unnecessary.

* *

Antique theology more often hides than reveals religion.

* *

It is easy to be a model of virtue when too old to be tempted.

* *

A thing is not necessarily true because some one has died for it.

* *

A great fortune will never hurt you as long as you do not have it.

* *

The greatest delusion of the age is that when a thing is printed it is read.

* *

When you get old enough to always know better, you are getting too old to learn.

* *

Win your battle with Christian weapons before the fight with carnal weapons begins.

* *

Speaking of federal jobs, the ex-service men get the preferment, and the politicians get the jobs.

* *

The stage hero accepts the plaudits as if he were the real thing, instead of a more or less good imitator.

* *

Breaking your head or your heart with a hammer of gold hurts just as much as being struck with an ordinary club.

* *

It requires a large amount of conceit to think we are able to reform the man whose one achievement is in being different from us.

* *

We would about as soon be governed by the Holy Father at Rome, as by the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan at Atlanta.

* *

It is an appalling thing to realize what a foolish little price men will accept for their souls, and yet too often it is all they are worth.

* *

The age brings no greater marvel than the amount of the knowledge the young have of experiences they have never known.

* *

Evening dress may be a sign of civilization, but too often it is only a sign that some one is trying to get by the door-keeper into smart society.

* *

In the readjustment of national and international boundaries, let none presume to contract the boundaries of that greatest of all nations, Utopia.

* *

College boys and actors think they live outside of the conventional; in fact they prove themselves so young they should receive periodical spankings.

* *

There are minds so cluttered up with useless knowledge that they are like an old curiosity shop where the owner does not care to sell, and the customer does not wish to buy.

* *

One small boy knocked over the mud fort of another small boy and claimed that he was working for international peace, and when they grew up they were rival manufacturers of armaments.

* *

The Most Important Crop

A leading newspaper editorially thus names the increase of church members during the past year. Seven hundred and sixty-one thousand, seven hundred and twenty-seven new members added, making a total membership of forty-three million, five hundred and twenty-three thousand, two hundred and six. The "most important crop," of a truth, though not often recognized as such in the secular world. Nearly one-half of the nation's population enrolled in Christian churches, which means, potentially at least, the swinging of the whole body politic to the side of righteousness, that the forces of righteousness are coming into organic and working form. The only trouble with this crop is that it is not all good fruit; there are a good many immature and defective, a good many picked too soon, and a good many more subject to a bad heart. Nevertheless the great bulk of the crop is good, and the strain is being improved every year. Church membership is beginning to mean something more than cold storage for those selfish ones who think they have preserved their own little souls. Church membership means service, and if all these millions

knew what it means, and were trying to live up to it, we should be well on our way towards the kingdom of heaven.

After Easter Is Over

There has been the gathering in with great rejoicing of multitudes of church members; our forces are strengthened numerically and the morale of everybody has been stimulated. Now, then, what next? The first thing is to give the recruits something to do, some place in the ranks. They came in for opportunity, give it to them; make them feel that they are a part of a working organization, and are to work. And next consider how many people through the awakening period came almost to a decision to enlist, but did not quite make up their minds to the point of action. They said, some of them, that they would come in next year, but the chances are that they will not. When the fires of enthusiasm are suffered to go out they are not so easily kindled again when cold. Adapt the services following Easter to keeping alive this interest, and reach personally after the many who were almost persuaded.

* *

THE PATRIOT AND THE PATRIOTEER

THE patriot is one of the noblest men of the race, the patrioteer one of the meanest; the patriot is honored in all lands, the patrioteer despised; the patriot is an example to the youth, the patrioteer a warning. And we have both in our own country and they are found in all other lands.

The patriot has a pure and profound passion for his country; he loves its very soil, its rocks and rills, its plains and mountains, its farms and cities. He feels new strength come to him, as to Antaeus of old, when his feet strike and keep touch with the soil. He studies the history of his country; he knows its great events, its heroic men, and noble women, and great servants. He admires its institutions and upholds them in times of peace, and defends them in time of crisis. He has a profound sense and a high appreciation of the sacred heritage he has received from the past, and when he thinks of all he owes to his land, he highly resolves to dedicate all his possessions and powers to its welfare, and he is willing either to die for his country in defense of its life, or to live for it arduously and unselfishly in keeping it true to its principles, and to its high mission in the world. No wonder the patriot wins our hearts.

The patrioteer is different, diametrically different. He thinks of himself first, not of his country; he loves himself more than he does it. Even in his patriotic interests his motives are mixed; he is concerned about himself as much as, if not more than, his country. He is patriotic if and when it is profitable, but the profitable takes precedence of the patriotic. He seeks his own interest through and by means of his country, and often at its cost, and even "takes it out" of his country. Many an honest man and true patriot may have his own interests furthered by his service to the country; he may even have his own wealth increased, but he makes not one cent of his money out of or at the cost of his country, but this is just what the patrioteer does. He is ready and eager to push special interests in which he is interested to the detriment of the interests of the whole country. He is ready and eager to plunge the nation into war, if it will bring him profit. He is ready to shout and sing and cheer and glorify the flag, and then tear it to pieces and make packets of it for his ill-gotten gains. He is willing to bribe officials and corrupt public servants for his own advantage. He is found talking loudly about 100 per cent Americanism, and at the same time betraying the very spirit of the land. He takes advantage of every *phobia*, as well as every friendly feeling, for other countries or foreign groups in his own land if thereby he can push his own projects. One such patrioteer the other day was full of sentimental sob-stuff, and shed copious tears as the crowd sang "My Country, 'tis of thee," and said he dearly loved the hymn, and yet in less than three weeks he was indicted for bribery. It is the patrioteer who makes "patriotism," in Johnson's scathing words, "the last refuge of the scoundrel." His patriotism is one hundred per cent humbug.

We need to discriminate between these two types. We must "try the spirits" here, as in religion. For the sake of our youth, and the multitudes of newcomers and the friendly visitors, and for the welfare of our glorious country, we need to pass the judgment of appreciation upon the patriot, and the judgment of condemnation upon the patrioteer.

* *

CHURCH GAINS AND LOSSES

THE annual tabulation of church statistics made by Dr. Carroll for the *Christian Herald* has just been published. First of all it furnishes further proof of the war time destruction of religious as well as of physical life. The low ebb of church accessions was reached in 1919, when many denominations showed large losses, the net gain for the entire country being only a fraction of one per cent. Last year the gain was a little less than two per cent.

From so large a mass of statistics it would be possible to draw many and indeed many kinds of inferences. Certain general results are reasonably apparent. Possibly the most striking is the relative loss of the Roman Catholic Church. For 1920 they reported a gain of 127,000, for 1921 it was under 50,000. This is less than one-third of one per cent.

The Methodist Church, on the other hand, gained nearly 300,000, or something more than three per cent. Other groups that show substantial gains are the Baptist and Presbyterian bodies. The Lutheran and Disciples gains were comparatively small. Our own per cent of gain was much higher than most of the other Churches. In not a few cases where gains in membership are reported there is also a reported decrease in number of churches and ministers. This is due in numerous instances to consolidations and in part to a growing movement, especially in the rural districts, for fewer churches and better ones.

On the whole, if the report does not wholly satisfy the friends of the Church it affords small encouragement to those who would have us believe it to be a decaying institution. It is also significant that those churches that are most democratic seem to be making the most progress.

In the Shadow of S Street

George F. Milton, Jr.

LORD BRYCE often remarked that the one thing which distinguished the people of America from those of Europe and the Far East was the fundamental idealism of the former. Our civilization was not so brilliant, polished, cultured, stylistically we were not so perfect, but in matters of moral moment the American people always asserted themselves in favor of the right—did so, not always rapidly, but nevertheless inevitably.

This basic belief in the good, as contrasted with the bad, might be called the characteristic of our civilization. We stray from it sometimes, but always return, as Mr. Harding would say, "to normalcy." There are signs now of a "return to normalcy," to the normal state of belief in the good, pure, and beautiful.

So it has come to pass that the biggest man in the nation to-day is a simple, weary, exhausted, half-paralyzed private citizen on S Street, in Washington. Some years ago he had happened to be the President. He was an idealist—he believed it could be a better world, and strove, as well as human frailties permitted him, to make it so. The politicians hated him—in his party as well as out. But the mass of the people loved him with a feeling hard to understand. But Woodrow Wilson forgot the clay feet of his people. He carried them too far up, too swiftly. The air became rarefied—hard to breathe—they sought the denser, warmer air of lesser heights.

The people usually do this; there is always a reaction to every advance. But the net result always is an advance. The reaction does not carry us back to the starting point. Each successive struggle nets us a gain. And deep in our hearts we retain an abiding love and respect for the men who we know are keeping us on our upward course.

America is going through such a crisis now. She made a marvelous stride in the world war, fighting for ideals of freedom, universal democracy and justice. She took an even greater step in the making of the peace, seeking an internationalism of all nations, a common meeting ground of peace and plenitude, a burying of discords, forgetting of hates. The "League of Nations" represented the next step in world progress—the advance from the isolated savage to the peaceful universe.

Progress along the upward path has always been slow, faltering, occasionally retrogressive, but, in the end, always forward. Rude huntsmen gathered in clans or tribes. For centuries tribal warfare kept up, until the futility of it made itself apparent, then the tribes combined in small nations—city-states, principalities, dukedoms. These then warred, until coalesced into nations. We have not been nations for more than a hundred years; the evolution of internal co-operation, peace, progress, has been slow and doubtful. But it has persevered, and succeeded.

The next step toward a better world is an agreement among nations, a gathering of the clans of to-day into a body which will prevent wars, punish aggressors, adjudicate justly on disputes, ease the tension of prejudice and passion, tear away artificial barriers to trade and commerce, and in all tend to the propagation of peace in a world oft scarred by the marks of Mars.

Many men have seen this, and urged it. Woodrow Wilson undertook to translate the ideals into ideas, and the ideas into acts. It was too great a task for any one man. The evolution of the world has usually taken three types of geniuses: First those who would vision the ideals—they were the great thinkers, philosophers, poets Such men were Homer, Plato, the Man of Galilee, Martin Luther, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. To their realm belongs Woodrow Wilson. Then next came those who translated ideals into ideas—the dream into the picture, the vision into the thought. These men were the necessary and essential translators, for the broad mass of the people do not talk the language of the mountain-tops, nor understand it. And finally, the doers, the men energized into action by the words of the thinkers, the men who finally accomplish and make into actuality the visions of the seers.

Of these latter, the number is legion. They are you, and your neighbor, your wife, and your man-servant. There is no limit to them. They are the men and women who make the workaday world a place of more than mere dollars and cents, being born and dying. They are inspired with the fundamental belief in right and justice which has made America great. Occasionally they tire, or are disappointed, but their faith deep down never lapses. They go ahead, after a bit, and climb higher than ever before.

To such men and women, Woodrow Wilson, as a man, means nothing. As a symbol of an ideal, he means much. He means to them the better, rather than the worse. He exemplifies belief in advance, in progress, in a better world. Such a man can not help being great to the people. He can not fail to enlist their love.

One of the remarkable phenomena of the day is Woodrow Wilson. In the armistice day ceremonies, when the Unknown Soldier was being borne to his last resting place with all the pomp and pageantry of a grateful nation, Mr. Wilson, riding by in a simple carriage, received more applause and attention than all the rest of the participants. Fifteen thousand went out to his house, on S Street, to cheer him. His words are now waited for eagerly.

That means that our idealism is reasserting itself. This has been obvious ever since Senator Borah forced the Senate and the President to disarmament. We remember how Borah, one of the finest minds in Washington, introduced an amendment to the naval appropriations bill. This amendment specified that the President be asked to undertake disarmament. The Senate was more than lukewarm to Borah's idea—it was positively cold. The Senators in general cared little about it. So Borah was all alone—except for the people.

Editors the country over took up disarmament. People who had been hoping against hope that this would be the last war, who had been sick at heart at

the League of Nation's death knell, and at the resumption of the old game of secret diplomacy and war preparations, took heart again. "Disarmament"—what a fine word it was! Mass meetings the nation over passed countless resolutions backing Borah. The newspapers were friendly; the man on the street was hopeful that at last something might be done to stop war. The reluctant Senators began to hear from their constituents. "What about disarmament?" The President called the Conference. It met. What it did is history. Hundreds of thousands of tons of deadly sea weapons are being scrapped; the construction of even more is happily averted. Something has been done. And for it the basic hope of the people for the right, the deep heartfelt wish for a better, more peaceful, world, is responsible.

The success of Borah's lone attempt, the reverence in which Woodrow Wilson is held, the growing interest of Americans in the starving millions on the Volga, in Vienna, or Armenia, the growing demand for America to take her place again in the councils of the world, show that we have recovered our breath. We are ready to go forward. America is "back to normalcy," her normalcy of right thinking, deep hoping, forward moving. It is not the swing of the political pendulum—it is the voice of a young, clean, hopeful nation, calling for a close knit, peaceful, happy world. Thank God for such a nation! Thank God for such a hope!

Editorial Correspondence

A VISIT from an old friend is always a delightful experience, and especially when the old friend is from an old home. He does not have to say very much in words, for just his presence starts whole streams of recollections flowing into the heart and mind. Please note that I am laying the stress on the word "friend," for there are others, very nice people in their way, but who are dwelling in a totally different atmosphere, even though we lived next door to each other away up North. They may have seen the same things, and walked the same street, and brought the same kind of groceries and worn the same pattern of cloth, and eaten beans and brown bread in company with fish-balls on Saturday night and Sunday morning, but some way their natures appear to be tuned to a different key and there is lack of harmony in our communion. But a real friend of the olden days, whether the days be sweet or sad, will warm the cockles of our heart. I never have been quite sure as to the place of the cockles in the heart's anatomy, but, like many another phrase, it is literary and euphonious, and will not be understood any better by the reader than the writer, but will convey a sense of sympathetic caloric.

Which is the why of my cordial greeting of an old and dear friend, as I sat on my Front Porch. I heard him knocking in a most persistent manner, which seemed strange out there in the open, but I called to him to come in. I got no response save more knocking, and then I began to look around, for I seemed to recognize that knock. Presently I located him in the top of a big pine tree which, like some people I know, had died at the top! I was greatly surprised to see him, for with a very few exceptions I had seen none of his kith and kin here in Florida. In an open space between the houses I had earlier in the season seen two of his relatives hustling among the palmettos until, startled, they swooped away to a distant tree. And once or twice since I had noted the peculiar progress through the air which revealed my friend. But here at last he had come to call on me, and was knocking at my big out-of-doors.

He is a handsome fellow in spite of his rather bizarre dress, which includes in its coloring slate color, brown, crimson, and black, all on a base of pure gold. All these colors nature has arranged to fit this particular individual with entire harmony, but no one else could possibly wear them. That bright red cap and shining black bib and the yellow body would be altogether too conspicuous for good society, but my friend is to the manor born. He has so many names that he at once excites the suspicion of the minions of the law! In some parts of the country, where I come from for example, he is known as the "Flicker," elsewhere he is the "Golden-winged Woodpecker," or the "Yellow Hammer" or the "Yellow-shafted Flicker," or the "Highhole." He does not mind what you call him if you keep away from him, for he is a shy creature. He likes tall trees which are dead at the top, for there he goes to excavate the place for his nest, which is the occasion of the name Highhole. But he is a "knocker," not simply when he would build a nest, but when he is hungry he goes pounding around the trunk of trees to drive forth the insects of which he would make his dinner.

When I saw him in the top of the dead pine I recognized him at once as an old friend who for years had made a nest in a scraggly old apple-tree which held a place in my front yard long after its fruitfulness had departed, by its appeal to art, and its appeal to the Flicker. By the way, the cooing dove is not in it with the Flicker when it comes to making love; the devoted Flicker swain sidles up to the Flicker belle, and, with soft notes of affection, advances and retreats, hiding behind some protecting branch until accepted or rejected, and if it is the latter, like unto the civilized man, he seeks consolation with another! But my Flickers in my New England dooryard were a faithful pair, and became my friends, as I watched them excavate that old apple limb, until they could both plunge in out of sight. And when later the eggs were laid and the mother bird was sitting, there are few pictures more delightful than to watch her as she put her head out of the circular door and looked around upon the passing life, with the father bird standing guard or bringing food for the family. And all the time never but once did I have to stop a boy from throwing a stone at that pretty head. The children in the nearby school came to know my Flickers, and we all came to love them for their beauty and utility.

I did not know that they came so far south, but when I heard that wondrous knocking I knew my

friend was here. There are those crass people who will insist that this one is not my friend but just another of the kind. But I grow more and more discouraged over the lack of imagination in this carnal age, for we are missing all the best things of life. I guess I know my own Flicker; who could mistake that coat of many colors, and that peculiar flight which puts to shame the stunts of the aviators? I know this is my old friend from the old home, and as he is knocking his way into the ancient tree over across the way, he is knocking away the distances, and I am sitting on the grass under that old apple-tree and watching the Flicker as he climbs up and around the tree. And just over the hedge there are men and women, and boys and girls, the same ones who used to go past years and years ago, and they smile across the hedge, and throw over a few words of good cheer, and I people the old house with those I have loved, whom I love still—all brought back by the coming of this old friend in his gaudy raiment. He is only a bird, perhaps a bird of passage, but in a moment he has rebuilded a home sixteen hundred miles away, and, knocking, the door has been opened to memories, and old associations, and old friends. *F. A. B.*

The Washington-Tokyo Campaign

Authorized by the Univeralist General Convention and Under the Direction of the National Order of Universalist Comrades

THE OBLIGATION OF THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH TO THE YOUTH OF JAPAN

Roger S. Galer

Our Heavenly Father, before we turn out the lights we would pause for a moment to review the day. We have wanted to be true for the sake of those who have trusted us. We have tried to be pure for the sake of those who care. In the face of weakness and cowardice, we have tried to be strong and brave. We have tried to extend the hand of friendship to all the friendless, to give where the gift was needed. To-night we would make no boast of our achievement but simply ask that Thou wouldst bless the day. If we failed, let us not be discouraged, but make us ready to go forth into another day prepared to look up, and love, and lift. Amen.

Prayer written by Dr. Perin.

THE spirit of that prayer carried Dr. Perin and Dr. Cate to Japan to proclaim the Good News of brotherly love and a social salvation. It is peculiarly fitting that the new venture in practical Christianity, the Universalist home for boys in Tokyo, should bear the name of these two men whose vision reached to the needs of youth in the new era of Japan, and whose courage made a place for Universalism in Japanese life.

The young men of Tokyo need before all else contact with Christian living, a personal acquaintance with such clean, forceful, intelligent leaders as shall compel a respect for the ideals of Jesus in daily practise. The schools of Tokyo, the industries, the commerce, are in the twentieth century; the social and personal standards are so low, so far behind the present age, that the doctrines of even our most reasonable faith must fall on stony ground. Pure home life, fit recreations of youth, personal habits that induce self-respect, these are the fundamentals greatly needed by modern Japanese civilization, and these are to be taught by example rather than by precept. What the Blackmer Home has done to make Christianity a real and personal force in the lives of young women, that the Perin-Cate Home would do for boys in Tokyo. The comfortable and sanitary surroundings, safe companionship, inspiring contact with older men of high character, sympathy and friendly counsel in youth's perplexities, daily emphasis upon Christian ideals, these combined forces for physical, mental, and moral salvation represent truly the Universalist method in missions. As Dr. Perin provided such a home for students in his own country, so his Church would, in his name, provide a home for the young men students in the land of his great adventure.

* * *

WHY I AM VITALLY INTERESTED IN THE PERIN-CATE HOUSE PROJECT

Weston Attwood Cate

THE Perin-Cate House for Japanese Boys which the men of the Universalist Church have pledged themselves to build in the Capital City of the "Mikado's Empire" promises to be one of the most fruitful departments of our Japan Mission work. I make this prediction without hesitancy because I believe that the success of such an enterprise is inevitable. There is a crying need in the life of an average Japanese student for just such influences as may radiate from a truly Christian home. An institution which can meet such a need is bound to be very much worth while. Comrades, let the great work go on.

As I write, my thoughts go back over the swiftly flying years, and I see again a group of consecrated men and women participating in a simple service at the laying of the corner-stone of the Blackmer Home —a Universalist institution which has meant so much to the girl life of Tokyo. It was a simple ceremony indeed, but one which marked the fruition of the fondest hopes and dreams and visions of our Christ-inspired workers in that mission field.

The Blackmer Home was then a venture. It was an experiment. But time has proved it to be the best missionary investment ever made by our denomination in the Japan work.

And now comes the practical assurance that the laying of the corner-stone for the Perin-Cate House for Japanese Boys will take place before many moons have passed. Under the auspices of the Universalist Comrades a great and needed work is to be done among the young men of the Sunrise Kingdom. It is no longer an experiment in the mission field. It is a proved method, a sound investment yielding rich returns.

I am vitally interested in the building of the Perin-Cate House for Japanese Boys for four definite reasons.

First, because of what it will mean to that portion of the student life of Japan which shall come within the radius of the influence of such a home. There are literally millions of young men who come annually into the city of Tokyo seeking the advantages of an education. They come from every province in the empire. They come from the homes of the rich and the poor alike.

They come with a wonderful thirsting after knowledge. They are willing to endure all manner of hardships in their eagerness to acquire an education. The institutions for higher learning throughout the empire are miserably inadequate to meet the demands. Thousands of bright young men are turned away from the universities and colleges annually simply because they can not be accommodated. You may imagine what such an influx means to the people of an already over-crowded city. It means that these students—the future leaders of the nation—are destined to find themselves ill housed if housed at all. It means that they must live amid wretched surroundings and study under extremely discouraging conditions. It means that all of the destructive temptations to be found in a great metropolis are constantly beckoning the unsophisticated youth into the clutches of vice. It means that the fight for clean living is inevitably a hard one.

These conditions offer an unlimited field for productive service and send forth a mighty challenge which the men of the Universalist Church can not ignore. A young men's home would mean much to the Japanese student. It would be more than a boarding house, dormitory or refuge. It would be first a home permeated with that Christian atmosphere which differentiates the home and the house. It would be a place where heart-throbs are felt, where chains of enduring friendship are forged, and above all a veritable storehouse of moral courage for the Japanese youth. It would mean life, real, joyful, abundant, together with physical, mental, and spiritual growth and the cultivation of nobility of character nurtured in the sunlight of Christian culture. The soil is ready for the seed and we must go forth to do the sowing if we are to reap a satisfying harvest.

In the second place, I am vitally interested in the Perin-Cate House project because of what it will mean to the men of the Universalist Church in America. It will represent the first foreign missionary endeavor sponsored entirely by the man power in our churches. The Comrade movement has worked wonders in the awakening of men to the realization of the gloriousness of engaging in the support of foreign missionary work. It has found the heart of Universalists everywhere and has brought in a vision of the larger faith. The spirit of missionary giving is the acid test of one's loyalty to that vision, and that is why the building of a home for Japanese boys in Japan will create better Universalists in America.

I am interested in the building of the Perin-Cate House in the third place because of what it will mean to the cause of universal peace, and the part it must inevitably play in the strengthening of the spirit of good-will between the people of these two great nations. The farce of force has been conclusively demonstrated within the last decade. The power of good-will is the most potent revelation in this age. The Universalist Church as a whole and the Comrades in particular must consecrate themselves to the fostering of the spirit of brotherly love. I know of no single investment which promises greater returns in solid, substantial, genuine good-will than this one which proposes to build a Christian home in the heart of the leading nation of the Orient. Its potentialities are self-evident.

I am vitally interested in the building of the Perin-Cate House for a fourth reason. Because it will stand as a fitting memorial to two great souls—Dr. Perin and Dr. Cate. The highlights in Dr. Perin's life have been touched upon in an article appearing in the *Leader* at an earlier date. I shall speak briefly of my father. He was a true soldier of Christ and the only representative of our Church to offer up his life on the firing-line of the Japan Mission field. I am personally very grateful to the Comrades through whose efforts a splendid memorial is to be dedicated to him. The building of such a home for Japanese boys was one of his fondest dreams as was also that of the building of a girls' home. If it is a *real* home it will symbolize those noble elements which made him well beloved by Japanese and Americans alike.

The challenge of a great service and the power of a sacred memory urge us forward to the completion of the task of building the Perin-Cate House in Tokyo.

English Correspondence

Coalition vs. Party Government

THE evils of the party system have long been a commonplace of political thinkers and writers. If their criticisms are sound, the ideal would seem to have been attained in the Administration that has controlled British affairs for nearly eight years. We ought surely to congratulate ourselves on living under the blissful *regime* where none are for their party and all are for the State. Yet somehow everybody is not satisfied, and the Coalition Government itself appears to have provoked a more intense and widespread dislike than any party Government within living memory.

The suspension of party conflicts dates from an early period of the war. In August, 1914, a truce was arranged between the Liberal, Unionist, and Labor parties. Their whips exchanged a written undertaking that, in the event of a Parliamentary vacancy, there should be no contest for the seat, but an agreed nomination for a representative of the party previously occupying it. In May, 1915, this union of all parties for the better prosecution of the war was crystallized in the formation of the first Coalition Government. The Unionist leaders, together with a representative of Labor, joined Mr. Asquith's Cabinet. The full story of the negotiations leading to this result has not yet been told, but it is known to have been due to strong pressure, not to say threats, from the Unionist side. Near the end of 1916 came Mr. Lloyd George's

coup d'etat, when Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and other prominent Liberals dropped out and the Labor party refused to have any further part or lot in the matter. The Unionist members of the Cabinet, however, remained in full force, and its new head, himself a Liberal, retained a sufficient number of adherents of his own party to make the whole body a composite one, typifying the national unity of mind and feeling directed to the one dominant purpose of winning the war. This Lloyd George Coalition, confirmed in office by the general election of 1918, has remained in power ever since.

On the face of it, a party truce—and still more a Coalition Administration, given an allotment of offices in due proportion—would seem to be equally fair to every one concerned. If each party postpones to a more convenient season the attempt to carry out its own program, and all unite in the pursuit of policies on which they are agreed, what reasonable complaint can there be of inequality? As a matter of fact, from the very moment the party truce was arranged the sacrifice made on the one side was bound to be wholly out of proportion to that made on the other. The fundamental principle of Conservatism is to keep things, as far as possible, as they are. The *raison d'etre* of Liberalism, on the other hand, is to introduce reforms of one kind or another. When it was agreed that, for the duration of the war, at least, all proposals for domestic change should be ruled out of court, it was obvious which side had the better of the bargain. There was an inevitable moratorium on every scheme of legislation that had figured in declarations of Liberal policy. More than that. The necessities of the war compelled, or were thought to compel, emergency legislation of a thoroughly reactionary type. The safeguards of individual freedom, for instance, which Liberalism had fought for generations to establish, were dropped overboard without compunction. Even the Habeas Corpus Act was treated as a dead letter. With all the outward semblance of equal treatment for both parties, Liberalism had to surrender one after another of its most valuable gains and was doomed to acquiescence in policies that restored, though it might be only for a time, some of the most undemocratic features of a Toryism from which the country imagined that it had long ago and forever been liberated. The only compensation was that the pressure of war conditions brought about one or two individual alterations in the system of government—the admission of women to the vote, for instance— which otherwise might have been delayed. On the whole, however, war-time legislation moved in a backward rather than a forward direction.

But when the war was over, what reason was there for continuing the Coalition? Two main arguments were put forward by its supporters. One was that, in the peace negotiations, it was vitally important that the Government should manifestly be a body that was speaking for the nation as a whole and not for a single party only. It is difficult, however, to see any force in this argument that would not be equally relevant to foreign policy at all times. If, in dealing with a critical international problem, it is essential to have a non-party Administration in power, the formation of a national Government would seem to have been no less requisite as a preliminary before Disraeli and Salisbury went to Berlin as Great Britain's spokesmen in the settlement of the question of the Near East, or before the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was negotiated, or before this country was committed to the *entente* with France which involved her in the late war.

The second alleged reason was the gravity of the problems of internal reconstruction that were part of the aftermath of the war. "The problems," said Mr. Balfour, "that presented themselves to the statesmen of Europe and of this country in 1814 and 1815 were a mere laboratory experiment compared with what we have to face at the present time." Mr. Lloyd George called attention to what he described as the "immense terrain" that was common ground to both parties and in which they had both got to plough, to sow, to harrow and to reap—health, housing, education, temperance, getting the people on the land, Ireland, and so on. How any one with even the remotest knowledge of the facts of British politics could speak of this field as "common to both parties" passes comprehension. It is common to them only in the sense that it is the arena on which they have waged some of the fiercest struggles in our history. There is scarcely a single issue in the list on which there has not been, and is not to-day, a sharp conflict of opposing interests and ideals.

If there is no real national unity on these questions, nothing is gained by a pretense of agreement. That there exists no such unity is evidenced by the fact that the present Coalition is not actually a combination of parties but of the bulk of the members of one party and a number of individuals belonging to one of the others. Labor is entirely outside. With the first Coalition at the beginning of the war it was different. At that time the parties, as bodies, combined to meet the national emergency. To-day not only is there within the Cabinet an incomplete representation of the opinion of the country, but the Cabinet ministers themselves are anything but a happy and united family. There has been a constant tug of war between its discordant sections, with the result that now one section gets its way and now another. Intensive disputes have sometimes been settled by "deals," a concession in this direction being followed by compensation in that. This is the explanation of the extraordinary zigzag policy that has been pursued by the Administration on almost every public question of first-rate importance. Its critics have accordingly found no lack of apt metaphor to portray its character. Thus, Sir Donald Maclean has recalled Mr. Lloyd George's description of the late Austrian Empire as a "ramshackle" empire, and has applied the epithet to the British Government now in power. Sir John Simon has pictured it as of a sort of tesselated pattern in which slabs of Liberalism and slabs of Conservatism are more or less skilfully assorted and interchanged. General Page Croft, a dissentient Tory, has fallen back upon the veteran illustration of an attempted mixture of oil and water. A study of the mutually antagonistic ideals and principles of the Coalition leads to the conclusion that—apart from the desire to remain in office—there is one thing and one only on which its members are agreed. They appear to be really united in their fear of Labor. How far their frequent warnings to the country of the "Red" menace

indicate a genuine apprehension and how far the attempt to raise a scare is prompted by the belief that an anti-Labor propaganda is a good political card to play, it is not for an outside observer to judge. But, if Cabinet uterances are to be taken at their face value, it is hostility to Labor that is the actual cement of an alliance that otherwise would long ago have crumbled away.

Hostility to Labor, however, is insufficient as a basis for the policy of a governing body whose chief task is social and industrial reconstruction. Such problems as those of land reform and housing will never be solved by an Administration whose members are pulling both ways and who are only agreed in the resolve that, at any rate, Labor shall not be allowed to have a hand in the matter. Sir John Simon has recalled a saying of Lord Rosebery's that a combination of the voice of Jacob with the hands of Esau may be admirable as a temporary expedient but is not a good foundation for a permanent alliance. And this, as he truly says, the people of this country are beginning to find out. "When," he continues, "as during the war, the house was afire, one did not stop to ask whether the firemen were Free Traders or Tariff Reformers, but once the fire was put out there was justice and reason in the famous adage that England does not love a coalition; and the reason it does not love a coalition is that at the bottom the Englishman is a person who attaches far more importance to genuine character than to mere cleverness of adjustment."

The continuance of the Coalition is now threatened on two sides. In the first place, there has broken out a mutiny among its own followers. Conservatives have come to form by far the stronger section of it, and they are beginning to ask why they should any longer be hampered by association with a Liberal element whose presence hinders the thorough-going adoption of Conservative policies. The revolt in this section originated in the rank and file, and the Conservative leaders are attempting, with very doubtful results, to devise formulas which will prevent an open breach. Verbal subtleties are often very effective in politics, but when strong feeling has been aroused their pacifying value is sooner or later reduced to nothing, and they may even become irritants. This point has very nearly been reached in the case of the Conservative section of the Coalition to-day. The second danger to the life of the Coalition comes from the increasing evidence that it has lost its attraction for the average voter. One by-election after another has been driving this truth home. The latest sign of this revulsion of the popular mind is to be found in the figures of the East Leicester election yesterday. In 1918 Sir Gordon Hewart, a Coalition Liberal who shortly afterward entered the Ministry, headed the poll with 18,024 votes against 6,597 for a Labor opponent. For the vacancy now created by Sir Gordon's appointment as Lord Chief Justice, there has been a three-cornered contest—a situation which not many months ago would have given a Coalition candidate an easy victory. But now, on an increased total poll, the Coalition vote has dropped to 8,710, and the Labor candidate gets in with 14,062. This result, following several scarcely less sensational Coalition defeats elsewhere, is an unmistakable notice to quit.

London, March 31.

The Papers of John Pererin

XXX The Seamless Coat

Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.

WILLIAM JAMES speaks somewhere of "our emotional response to the idea of oneness," and in a sense that has always been the main driving-force of thought. On the face of it, the world looks a hotchpotch of things, and the thought of it is intolerable. We are not satisfied to believe that the world we live in is a sort of cross between a department store and a junk-shop, and so we are forever trying to discover a common ground upon which all this wild jumble of things may stand together as a single thing, to find unity beneath and through the multiplicity. We want a *uni*verse to live in, a single thing, and not a number of things thrown together, a world in which things do hang together in some order, on some rational principle. It has been the chief concern of thought to discover this ground of unity, but it has not found it yet. The thinkers are still guessing and arguing about it, and it does not seem that they are much nearer the goal than Plato was. Omar's complaint about them is still not impertinent:

> Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Master and sage, and heard great argument
> Around it and about; and evermore came out
> By the same door where in I went.

Now religion does not argue about this unity; it assumes it and goes ahead. It says, "In the beginning, God," and the rest follows. Of course it is possible to build up a very formidable argument against this idea of unity: any one of us could do it out of the daily paper before going to business in the morning. And when the argument is complete, Religion says, "Yes, all that is perfectly true. There is no unity—and yet—and yet, there is." And this is the perpetual paradox of religion. This is a world in which there is unity, and yet there isn't. Things hang together and they don't. In a sense, the whole life of religion lies in the business of bridging this contradiction. St. Paul told the Athenians that God had made of one all nations of men, and yet later, writing to the Ephesians, he says that God purposes to gather up these nations, and everything else in heaven and earth, into one thing. Plainly there is a unity of origin and a unity of destiny; and somewhere in between the unity has been lost. And yet there is a sort of intermediate unity, for St. Paul tells the Galatians that "there can be neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, there can not be male and female, for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus."

What it seems to come to, then, is this: there is a unity to be assumed, a unity to be affirmed and practised, and a unity to be achieved, a unity which is a

faith, a unity which is a task, and a unity which is a goal. And the task seems to be peculiarly, and to-day urgently, the task of Christian folk. It is moreover true that the task begins at home.

There seems to me to be nothing more pressing just now than that we should recover a living sense of the unity of all life. This should not be difficult, at least on some sides. For the evolutionists have really done the work for us; and, with the assistance of comparative psychology, they have shown us that we can not safely draw a frontier-line anywhere, all the way up from the amoeba to man, and that life has grown imperceptibly from sentiency through consciousness to self-consciousness, and will and personality, one single unbroken continuity. The robe is without seam, woven from the top throughout. Now so far as the conscious and rational life of man is concerned, this unity has two aspects. First is the extensive or geographical or ethnic side of it. God hath made of one all nations of men, and of this the corollary is that the real interests of mankind are always and everywhere the same. As things are, we order life on the basis of presumed rights, claims and aims which are self-regarding, and are therefore always potentially and a good part of the time actually in conflict. And so long as men and classes and nations order their lives on the basis of particularist purposes, so long shall we have the materials of all sorts of war in the world. We have to learn that we are after all one body, members one of another, and that one member can not suffer but that all the members suffer with it. No nation can ultimately prosper by injuring the prosperity of another. The adversity of one people is the adversity of the whole earth. The garment of life is without seam; and the whole garment is injured when it is rent or stained in any part of it.

There is also a psychological side to this unity. And here we have compelled life to discard its seamless robe and have grotesquely clad it in a crazy-quilt. For we have divided it into compartments, and each compartment is a law to itself. There is the compartment of home, the compartment of business, the compartment of politics, the compartment of religion, the compartment of social intercourse; and each one of them is labeled: *No connection with the shop next door.* We have turned the House of Life into an office-building. We have been saying that "religion has nothing to do with politics" and "business is business," that lying sophistry that has damned so many souls. You can not have one code of morals in your home and another in your office, one set of sanctions at your club and another set at your church. Life can not stand that sort of contradiction without petering out. It is a sort of yea-and-nay life, a life of facing north-by-south-by-east-by-west, a life which cancels out, leaving you, if not zero, vertigo. And the worst part of this trouble is that religion, which is the special guardian of the unity of life, has itself been degraded to the status of a mere compartment, which a man can attend to or not as he likes, when it should be the single spirit that informs the whole of life. A man once told me that his wife proposed to attend the church of which I was then minister, but that he took his recreation in another way. I knew as a matter of fact that he worshiped God on the putting-green. And so it goes. The king-pin has dropped out of its place, and no wonder the rest is chaos. The penalty that we are paying for the partition of life is that we are living in a reign of mediocrity, with few achievements in character, in art, or in literature that rise above the plane of respectable commonplace. And out of this slough we can not be lifted except we recover once more a vivid sense of the organic unity of all life, and discipline ourselves into a way of life that tells a single tale, that is attuned in every part of it to one clear note.

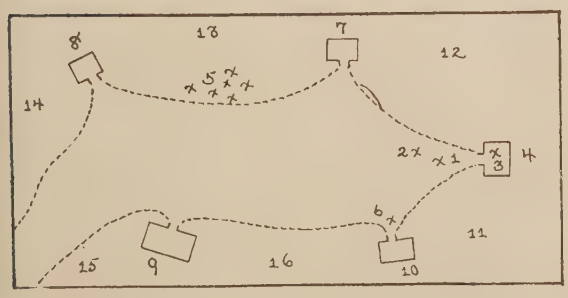
But concerning this matter there is more to be said.

O Thou Father of us all, who art in all and through all, "whose secret presence runs through creation's veins," forgive us that we have suffered the seamless robe of life to be rent, so that we move about Thy world clad in rags and tatters. Help us to see life steadily and to see it whole, and deliver us from the folly of dividing up that which Thou hast made of one. Give us to dedicate ourselves to the great task of bringing all the kingdoms of this world into the one kingdom of our God and of His Christ. Amen.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

DAVID AND JONATHAN



1. Jonathan.
2. David.
3. King Saul.
4. Palace.
5. Trees.
6. Small lad (smaller doll).
7-10. Houses (have dolls in each).
11-16. Grass, trees, flowers, etc.

OUR lesson to-day is about two boys who were just the very best of friends. We all have friends, haven't we? (Let the children who will name some of their friends, or without naming tell how some one has been friendly.) Of course we all like to have friends. But we must not expect that others will be friendly to us unless we are also friendly to them. Now, I wonder who can tell what we mean by that. We mean that we must not think that others are going always to do nice things for us when we never do nice things for them. You see that wouldn't be fair, would it?

Well, here is one of the boys (point to 1) and his

name is Jonathan, and Jonathan is the son of King Saul. Here is the king (point to 3) and here is the other boy (point to 2), and his name is David. We've heard that name before, haven't we? Yes. We studied about David once. And who can tell what David did? Don't you remember? Put on your thinking caps, now. Just think, wasn't it when he met a great big man? And what do we call men that are so much larger than the rest of the people? (Signify size by raising hand as if measuring way above your head.) Giant. Yes, that's the word. And David went out against the giant with only a sling and stone. And David killed the giant that all the others were afraid of. Yes. You all remember now, I am sure. Well, do you know that when David killed the giant, the men in the army called him a hero? And they made a great deal of him. They cheered him and praised him, as we did our soldier boys when they came home. And, what do you think the king thought about that? Why, Saul (point to 3—always point out every character when you mention him), he was angry because the men made so much of David. And that wasn't right at all, for David had done a great thing for Saul and all the people.

But Saul just wanted all the attention and praise and cheers of the people for himself. And so he got jealous of David. And you see to be jealous is just to be selfish. And when you get jealous it affects your mind so that you don't think right. And then you are likely to do things that are not right—things that you will be very sorry for later on. And because Saul was jealous of David, he made up his mind that he would kill David. Just think how bad that was! He never would have thought of doing anything like that if he had not been jealous. And what do you think he does? He makes David a captain in the army, for he hopes that in some battle David will be killed. But God is taking care of David and he does not get killed. And Saul keeps nursing his jealousy and thinking how he can get David killed. And he brings David to the palace to live so that he may not miss an opportunity to harm him. And, do you know, Saul gets worse and worse in his jealousy, so that when he thinks of David he acts like a crazy person. And when these spells come on, I know you can't guess what David did. Why David used to take his harp, on which he played beautifully, and go right in where Saul was and begin to play for Saul. You see David was so sure that God was with him because he was doing what was right that he wasn't any more afraid of Saul than he had been of the giant. But one day when he was playing his harp Saul got so mad that he grabbed up his spear and threw it at David, trying to kill David himself. But David was looking and he saw the spear coming, and he dodged it and then got away. But then David made up his mind that Saul meant to kill him. Well, living here at the palace he and Jonathan got to know each other very well indeed, and they became warm friends.

Here are David and Jonathan (point to 1 and 2) just outside the palace. And they are telling each other how much they love each other. And now I want to tell you something about what folks did in those days to show they were friends. They exchanged clothes, for a little while. We don't do that way now, but then they did. And now, sometimes friends will exchange things like pins and rings, or some little things, just so that one can wear something that belongs to his friend—not for long, you know, but just for a little while. And David and Jonathan go into the palace (move them in) and change clothes for a while. (It will probably take too long to really make this change, but when you, now, move the dolls out you can tell the children to make believe there has been a change and they will follow you—and a little later you can have them make believe that the boys have gone into the palace and changed back. Now, David and Jonathan go for a walk together. (Move both to 5 again.) And now that David and Jonathan have made such a pledge of friendship to each other, David tells Jonathan about how his father, King Saul, has been acting. This makes Jonathan very sad, but he tells David that it must not make any difference with their being friends. He tells David that he, Jonathan, is going to stand by David just the same, for he knows his father ought not to feel and act that way. But he can hardly believe that his father wants to kill David. Then, one day, King Saul has a party at the palace, because he wants to get David within his reach again—for you see David has kept away from Saul since he found out what Saul meant to do. And Saul thinks of course David will feel that he has to come to the palace for the party. (Move dolls from other houses to palace, that is near to it, as in the grounds.) But David does not come. Now, on this day, David and Jonathan have been out here by the trees again. That is why we have left them right here so we can see what they do here on another day.

Now of course Jonathan goes to the party. But before he leaves David he tells David that after the party is over he will do a certain thing. He will find out for sure how his father feels about David, and they arrange so that he can let David know. (Move 1 to 4.) Now just let us think it has been a long time and the party is over. (Move dolls representing people back to their homes.) And Saul calls to Jonathan. Saul is very angry because David has not come. He tells Jonathan to go and get David because he wants to kill him. Then Jonathan knows that Saul is David's enemy. And Jonathan refuses to do as his father wants him to. But he knows now that he must get word to David so that David can get away. So Jonathan goes out from the palace, and as he goes he calls a young lad to go with him, and together they go to a field. And we'll just think that Jonathan has arrows with him. (Move 1 along road, and then move 6 along with him, to just off the road by 16.) Then Jonathan shoots at the trees (point to 5) as if he was shooting at a mark. And he sends the boy after the arrows. (Move 6 out toward 5.) And then Jonathan shouts to the lad, saying: "Are not the arrows beyond thee?" And David hears him. And that was the signal they had arranged to let David know that Saul really meant to kill him. So Jonathan saves David's life. And David hurries away. When you read in the Psalms of David about friendship you will know that he was thinking of Jonathan and what a true friend he was. And when you read in any book about David and Jonathan, as you likely will—for all the

world knows about them—you will know that it is true friendship such as we have studied about to-day that is meant. For the names of David and Jonathan have come to stand for true friendship everywhere. Now we all want true friends. So we must be true friends to others all the time.

Clara Barton: Universalist*

Agnes R. Conklin

A HUNDRED years ago, among the hills of Massachusetts, a few miles south of the present city of Worcester, in a typical New England farmhouse, lived a father, mother, and four children, the youngest ten years old. Into this home (may it not have been a significant fact?) on Christmas Day, 1821, a little girl was born. That wee bit of life, truly a reincarnation of the spirit of Christ, unfolded itself in the personality of Clara Harlowe Barton. No halo is recorded as resting upon the child's head, though it is said that the preparations made for her coming indicated that it was a much desired event.

It can hardly be said that her early life promised longevity or an unusual degree of usefulness. Physically delicate as a child, she was handicapped by a supersensitiveness that made her timid beyond the usual understanding of the term. Yet she was endowed with a soul power that no physical characteristics could subdue. Her out-door life with her brothers, her companionship with her older sisters, the comradeship she enjoyed with her soldier-father, and the wise oversight and training she had from her capable mother, went far in fitting her for the strain and stress which was to come, and for the marvelous achievements of her womanhood.

I would like to trace the career of this remarkable woman, but I must confine myself to my topic—"Clara Barton: Universalist." Universalism is the life of Christ re-expressed in the life of to-day. It is a life, not a creed, a life expressed in terms of humanity. And so, in the light of the things she did, we must consider the religion of Clara Barton. Whether on the firing lines in the smoke of Wagner and Sumter, or at Fredericksburg ministering to the destitution and suffering of the wounded of the Wilderness, in her patient toil in the awful aftermath which followed the Civil War, or in her relief work among the war-torn poor in the crowded cities of Europe, she always manifested the same spirit.

Everywhere she was known as the "Angel of the Battlefield," no less as the "Angel of Restoration," in districts of flood and devastation, and the "Angel of Hope and Health," in areas of fever and pestilence. By her heroic and clear-visioned efforts, the Red Cross gathered life and power. It must not be forgotten that to her we owe this marvelous organization, of which we of later days have been a part.

Yet where has the nation erected her monument or written her name in letters of gold? True, none has a more worthy memorial than the living organization of human lives which perpetuates her spirit, or the flag that ever stands at the door of human need, nor could greater tribute be paid her than the fact that at her death none great enough, save the President of the nation, could be found to fill her office. Giving her very life, Clara Barton made the sacrifice seem but a natural, even almost commonplace, matter, sharing with her fellow-workers the honors which were bestowed upon her.

If we as a Church have been slow in recognizing her as one of the noblest women our Faith has given to the world, one reason may be that those who have written of her life have ignored her source of strength, or tried to find it elsewhere. We need go to no external source, however, for evidence in claiming her as one of our own. Her own words, written to Mrs. Norman Thrasher, Lakewood, Ohio, seven years before her death, having the weight of years of experience and consideration of life's meaning and its problems, confirm our claim:

> *My dear Friend and Sister:*
>
> Your "belief that I am a Universalist" is as correct as your greater belief in being one yourself, a belief in which all who are privileged to possess it rejoice. In my case, it was a great gift, for, like St. Paul, I "was born free," and saved the pain of reaching it through years of struggle and doubt.
>
> My father was a leader in the building of the church in which Hosea Ballou preached his first dedication sermon. Your historic records will show that the old Huguenot town of Oxford, Mass., erected one of if not the first Universalist church in America. In this town I was born; in this church I was reared. In all its reconstructions and remodelings I have taken a part, and I look anxiously for a time in the near future when the busy world will let me once more become a living part of its people, praising God for the advance in the liberal faith of the religious world of to-day, so largely due to the teachings of this belief.
>
> Give, I pray you, dear sister, my warmest congratulations to the members of your society. My best wishes for the success of your annual meeting, and accept my thanks most sincerely for having written me.
>
> Fraternally yours,
>
> *Clara Barton.*
>
> *Glen Echo, Md., March* 12, 1905.

It remained for the Women's Universalist Missionary Association to give to its denomination and to the world a memorial dedicated to Clara Barton. On October 12, 1921, three hundred people, and many more in spirit, attended the dedication services of the old homestead in North Oxford, Mass., that in years to come visitors to that historic spot might be impressed with the really great fact in Universalism—the Universal Fatherhood of God re-expressed in the universal sisterhood of that noble Universalist woman, Clara Barton. Let us dedicate our lives anew to the holy purpose that not only the faith of Jesus in the All-Father, but equally his everywhere-needed, ever blessing gospel, of the Universal Brotherhood of Man, shall still go "marching on."

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*Abstract of an address delivered at the Convention of the Women's National Missionary Association at Detroit.

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Colt and the Freight Train

ONCE upon a time there was a Colt, that was born upon a Farm. And for the first days of his life he Roamed in a Wide Pasture beside his Mother.

But it came to pass upon a day that the Farmer hitched up the old mare to his Spring Waggon and drave to Town; and the Colt followed after.

And when the Colt saw his Mother hitched to the Waggon, he understood it not wholly, but supposed that she had Suddenly Enlarged, and become capable of making more noise. For the Waggon was rickety, and when it rattled over the Dirt Road to the Village, it was the Noisiest Thing the Colt had ever heard. And the Colt thought the entire Contraption was his Mother.

Now they arrived at the Village, and the Farmer hitched the old mare to the Hitching Post in front of the General Store and Post Office, and he went around Town and did his errands.

And there was a railroad that passed through that Town. And while the old mare was hitched and standing there, a Freight Train came Rattling Through. And the Colt left his mother and followed the train.

And he ran down the track for the distance of a Mile and a Quarter, and he jumped Four Cattle Guards.

And the Farmer came out of the Store, and beheld the Colt, disappearing down the track after the Freight Train.

And he was Disgusted.

And of that which he spake I will tell a part only: and that part was this:

That fool Colt may think himself Smart in leaving his Mother to follow any old thing that makes a bigger noise, but when meal time cometh, he will miss his Mother; for freight trains don't carry no Dining Cars for Colts.

Now I have known men, yea and women, who were like unto that Colt. Whatever cometh down the track that maketh a Bigger Noise, that do they follow for a Mile or Two. And then they stop, all out of breath, until the next Sensation cometh, and that also do they follow.

But the Old Farmer was a wise man in his generation, and that which happeneth to the Colt happeneth unto such folk. For the Noisy Novelty runneth away over the Horizon, if peradventure it falleth not to pieces, and they who follow it have great Hunger of Spirit, even though they know it not. For even thus spake a prophet of old, saying of such:

It shall be as when an Hungry Man sleepeth, and behold he eateth; but he awakeneth, and his soul is empty.

* * *

THE JAPAN EXHIBIT

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In the April 8 issue of the *Universalist Leader*, the Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., speaks of the Japan exhibit at the Detroit Convention. In his strong appeal for the Perin-Cate House for Young Men, he speaks of the challenging slogan, "Whip the Japanese with Love!" He also states that he was informed that this exhibit was presented by the General Sunday School Association.

The Board of Foreign Missions desires to correct this last statement, realizing how many good things come through the General Sunday School Association. The exhibit was produced by the Foreign Missions Board, and we are eager to have it used at every State Convention, at the Y. P. C. U. National Convention, at the summer Institutes, at district conferences and by the churches. There is no rental fee. Just ask for it and it will be sent by the Rev. Roger F. Etz, from the secretary's office, 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

The exhibit has slogans, pictures, maps, charts, and state reports that will touch the heart and likewise the pocketbook. The Board also has a live Japan illustrated lecture for free distribution. Speakers will be provided for district and state gatherings.

The Board of Foreign Missions is composed of the following persons: The Rev. Fred C. Leining, chairman; the Rev. Roger F. Etz, secretary; the Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, D. D., candidate secretary; Henry C. Morris, Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, Mrs. James F. Albion, the Rev. A. Gertrude Earle and Louis F. Merlin.

F. C. Leining.

* * *

THE BAPTIST DILEMMA

Developments in the Baptist Church are full of interest, and will bear watching. This denomination, thanks to its traditions and its congregational system of ecclesiastical government, enjoys a degree of freedom which is almost unknown in other Orthodox Protestant bodies. It has held within its fold men as far asunder as the poles in their beliefs and mental habits —as witness three such diverse types as President Faunce of Brown University, Dr. Haldeman of the First Baptist Church in New York City, and John Roach Straton. The sudden and convulsive eruption within the body, however, of a pre-millennialite movement of amazing proportions, threatens to strain the organization to the breaking-point. A real crisis seems to be at hand. Either the liberal elements will maintain control—in which case the pre-millennialites will withdraw, to save themselves from contamination with such heretics; or else the pre-millennialites will capture the denomination, and use their power to banish unbelievers. In either case, the Church will be rent asunder, and liberty thus be slain in the house of her friends. It is a tragic situation, to be attributed to nothing else in the world but that recrudescence of superstition and bigotry which followed after the Great War in place of that great spiritual revival for which we all were looking. Of course it is still possible, especially in a Church with such traditions as that of the Baptist Church, that the two wings may manage to hold together; it is amazing how common sense asserts itself on occasion at the last moment. But miracles are getting rarer every day, and we shall continue to hope rather than expect a happy outcome of this sad quarrel.—*Unity.*

* * *

DROWNED IN A FISH STORY

A jocose contributor to *Outdoor Life* is the author of the most delightful "fish story" we have read in a long while.

An interesting experiment, he says, was tried some time ago with an ordinary salt-water herring. The fish was put into a large bowl of salt water, and every day a small quantity of it was removed and an equal quantity of fresh water substituted until eventually the herring lived and thrived in purely fresh water.

The owner was so much pleased with the success of the experiment that he then began daily to remove a small quantity of water from the bowl until it was empty. The herring seemed to do very well without it, and, since it was so lively in the empty bowl, the owner had to put it into a cage.

There it lived happily hopping from perch to perch, just like a bird, until one day some sudden noise upset and startled it, and it fell into the water trough and was drowned.—*Youth's Companion.*

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

AN EVENING PRAYER

The day has run its journey,
  The sun has left the sky,
Night sets her safety signal—
  A white star—swinging high.
The world rolls into darkness,
  The moon no vigil keeps,
But He who watches Israel
  Slumbers not nor sleeps.
O brooding heart, be patient,
  O watchful eyes, be kind,
That tired and weary children
  May restful slumber find.

Forgive the day's offenses,
  Bless every Christlike thought,
Heal Thou the wounds and heartaches
  By powers of darkness wrought.
Deep in the midnight watches,
  Our eyes in slumber bound,
Whisper to us the secret,
  Show where Thy strength is found.
But while we wait this blessing,
  Our soul this comfort keeps,
That day or night our Watcher
  Slumbers not nor sleeps.

John Stapleton.

FLAPJACKETS AND FIDO

SOME people think maple wax is a good name for boiled maple syrup cooled on snow, but the Burtons' name for it was flapjacks. Then one day Robert Burton, aged four, called it "flapjackets," and after that all the rest of the family called it flapjackets too.

One spring day when Robert was nine years old he made some flapjackets from the sap that he had gathered himself from his own maple tree. While the syrup was boiling he ran outside and patted down a smooth place on the clean snow near the end of the back porch; and later on, when the syrup was just right, Grandfather Burton carried the kettle to the pot and Robert ladled it out in little golden-brown puddles that ran together and touched at the edges like cookies in a baking pan.

Robert and grandfather left the syrup to cool on the snow and went back into the kitchen to wait. Grandfather was in the middle of a "sugaring-off" story when suddenly there was a queer, scraping sound on the hard snow.

Robert ran to the door and peered out. "Well, will you look!" he cried, and was off like a shot.

By the time grandfather reached the door two figures were hurrying down the yard. One was Robert, and the other was Fido, a neighbor's dog. Fido was in front. He was holding his head up and stepping very high and quick. Something was dragging between his feet.

Robert looked back as he ran. "The flapjackets!" he called. "Fido's got the flapjackets!"

Grandfather understood at once. Fido had found the cooling syrup in the very spot where Grandmother Burton was always putting bones for him. Perhaps he had thought it was a new and improved kind of bone; anyhow, he was carrying it off as fast as he could go.

"Hi there, you little scamp!" grandfather shouted.

Grandmother Burton had seen it all from the sitting-room window and came hurrying out.

Robert did not say another word; he simply ran, and when he had caught up with Fido he stooped hurriedly and grabbed one edge of the sheet of flapjackets. It broke off short but left a good mouthful for Fido, who put his tail between his legs and went tearing home without a look to right or left.

"The flapjackets aren't hurt a bit!" Robert shouted; he came racing back. "Fido didn't touch any except the little piece he went off with."

Company came just then, and every one had a treat of crisp, golden-brown flapjackets. After a while some one rapped at the door, and when Robert opened it there stood Lucy Frost holding Fido by the collar.

"Why, what is the matter with Fido?" cried Robert.

The little dog looked very queer. His tail drooped, and he was rolling his eyes and pawing at his mouth.

Lucy's face was red. "His teeth are stuck together," she said, "with one of your flapjackets."

At that every one else came to the door, and they all laughed. But Robert did not laugh; he felt so sorry for poor Fido that he couldn't make fun of him. Instead he patted him on the head and said, "Never mind, old chap, it will melt after a while."

Fido gave him a mournful look, but presently he sat down and gave the floor a cheerful thwack with his tail, which meant that Robert had made him feel better.

After a while, sure enough, the stiff jaws began to loosen, and at length Fido was quite himself again.

But it was a whole month before he came back to look for bones at his old spot by the porch.—*Minnie Leona Upton in the Youth's Companion.*

* * *

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

Doctor: "Did you open both windows in your sleeping room last night as I ordered?"

Patient: "No, doctor, not exactly. There's only one window in my room, but I opened it twice."—*Exchange.*

* * *

NOT HIS INTENTION

A boy fell into a pond. A man stopped and pulled him out and said:

"Well, son, how did you come to fall into the lake?"

"I didn't come to fall in at all," replied the boy with some heat, "I came to fish."—*Stray Wisdom.*

I KEEP YOU

The Rev. Rachel W. Billings

O joy! that lilts in pulse's throb,
And still endures through loss and gain;
That laughs in breeze and song of bird,
And glints through tears and sorrow's pain.
I hold you close, dear winsome sprite:
I seek your voice when cares assail.
And in the hush of death's dark night,
I carry you within the veil.

O love! that kindles sacred fires,
And lights the torch of sacrifice;
That sanctifies all high desires,
And reads its lore in human eyes,
I hold you close, revealing power,
I seek your lips that never fail;
And in the hush of death's lone hour,
I carry you beyond the veil.

O peace! that calms the soul's unrest,
And tames the storms that rage within,
That makes serene the pilgrim's quest,
And spells forgiveness after sin,
I hold you close, O soothing balm!
I clasp you firm, O Holy Grail!
And in the hour of death's sweet calm,
I carry you within the veil.

* * *

LAURIER'S SPIRIT SAYS "ATHALETICS"

The other day a Toronto audience heard what purported to be an address by Sir Wilfred Laurier. It was given through a widely-advertised spiritist medium. Some of those who heard it were pained to find that Sir Wilfred now speaks of "athaletics." And his Latin has gone sadly behind. He appears to be forgetting many things about language. "Civius Romanus sum," said the ex-premier. He called it "civius." And he pronounced Romanus with the accent on the first syllable. Doubtless he meant "Civis Romanus sum." But then he translated it, "Rome protects her citizens." So that no one really knew whether he did mean that, or something quite different. Yet there are hundreds of people willing to flock to hear spirit addresses and hang upon every word which purports to come "out of the nothingness into here," even such words as "athaletics" from the lips of an ex-premier of Canada.—*Toronto Star.*

* * *

THE LUCKY AGE

How fortunate we are compared with our forefathers and how little we appreciate our advantages! When they wanted a bit of luck, they had to search the sod over to find a four-leaf clover, and then very often they rose from their knees with an ache in the back and no lucky quatrefoil in the hand. But now, thanks to Mendel or Burbank or somebody, the most unfortunate of us can have his plant of four-leaf clover in the pot on the fire-escape and pick a bunch whenever he likes.

On the whole, it is astonishing, when we think of it, how much science and invention have done to improve the lot of us all compared with that of our unfortunate ancestors. There is the salt-cellar for instance. It has been a matter of common observation for more than a thousand years that quarrels follow on the spilling of salt on the table. With the open-mouthed salt cellars formerly in use it was impossible to avoid domestic infelicity even with the greatest care and the deftest handling, for there was always likely to be some awkward guest to upset things. But modern genius has removed this source of family feuds by the simple precaution of putting a perforated cover on the salt-cellar. How easy and obvious it seems to us now it is done!

It is proverbial that when a bird flies in at the window there will be death in the house within a year. If we should leave the doors and windows open, we must sit in trembling lest at any moment the fatal bird might enter. If we should keep the doors and windows closed all the time, there would certainly be a death within the year. The invention of screened doors and windows has removed another danger from our path and another fear from our hearts. It is a matter of statistics that, since the introduction of screens, excluding birds and other winged creatures such as flies and mosquitoes which seem quite as fatal in their effects, the average length of human life has appreciably increased.

And yet there are people so blind to the obvious advantages of the present as to speak regretfully of the "good old times."—*Independent.*

* * *

CREDO

Text from a Chinese Song Written about 200 B. C.

I believe in the deep blue sky and the smiling water.

I can see through the clouds of the sky, and I am not afraid of the waves of the sea.

I believe in the living friendships given by the flowers and the trees; outwardly they die, but in the heart they live forever.

Little paths through the green woods I love, and the sound of the leaves on the ground, or of a nut falling, or even of a broken twig.

I believe that the days to come already feel wonder of the days that are passed, and will permit the wonder to endure and increase.

I believe in, and love my belief in, and my love for, all these things, and most of all,

I believe in, and love the Source of my belief and my love.

* * *

THE GOOD DAY

Once there was a Good Day. It was a Perfectly Good Day warm but not too warm, bright and snappy and glorious.

It took a walk to receive men's praises and bask in their gratitude, and this is what it overheard:

Caspar Rinehart: "Dear me! we need rain."

Mary Jones: "How monotonous this weather is!"

Samuel Sprague: "Getting horribly dusty."

Morton Grant: "It's so windy to-day I can't burn my leaves."

Granny Simmons: "Horrid cold! I wish the sun would come out real hot and cure my rheumatism."

Ned Greeley: "Heigh-ho! The weather to-day gives me spring fever."

The Good Day went back home discouraged. "What's the use," it said, "of being a Perfectly Good Day, if this is all I get for it?"

So the next day it rained.—*Aesop Jones in Christian Endeavor World.*

* * *

A PUBLIC PERIL

Every newspaper reader knows how often this sentence appears: "A cigarette is believed to have caused the fire."

The cigarette is a public nuisance, but it is more, it is a public peril.

There is no other way in which fire is thrown about so carelessly. There is no other way in which two cents' worth of so-called enjoyment may mean two hundred thousand dollars worth of loss.

No one proposes to restrict a man's liberty to smoke away his money and his health in his own house, though his family have our sincere sympathy; but there ought to be a law forbidding smoking in public places. When we become a little more civilized, there will be.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

Peggy Pretend. By Millicent Evison. $1.75.

Peggy Pendleton is so fond of pretending that she is nicknamed "Peggy Pretend." They are always happy things which she "pretends," and sometimes it takes a good deal of pretending to be happy, for the Pendletons are very poor and there is great danger that they will lose their beautiful Virginia home, which has been in the family for almost three centuries. But of course the missing jewels which Peggy's great-grandmother hid at the approach of the Northern soldiers during the Civil War are found just in the nick of time, and the mortgage is paid and everybody is happy without having to pretend.

A Christian's Appreciation of Other Faiths. A Study of the Best in the World's Greatest Religions. By Gilbert Reid, D. D.

A series of lectures delivered in China under the Billings Lectureship of the Unitarian Association. Dr. Reid has made a serious and a successful effort to express an appreciation of the best in the great religions found in China, where, for over thirty years, he has been a missionary. The twelve lectures in this book are worthy of careful study. Of especial interest to liberal Christians is "A Trinitarian's Appreciation of the Unitarian." This lecture ought to be given a much wider circulation than the book will enjoy. If every minister could read and digest it there would be more harmony between Liberal and Orthodox churches, because the lecture forcibly sets forth the extent to which present day Orthodoxy is indebted to the work of those who are Unitarian in thought. The book is a valuable addition to the literature dealing with the great religions. The author is a Presbyterian, and those who wish a valuable work on the extent to which one faith needs to appreciate another, should procure this series of fine-spirited lectures.

The Life of J. Henri Fabre. By Augustin Fabre.

Almost as interesting, and certainly as valuable, as the life of any insect he ever wrote is this life of the great naturalist by his kinsman, Augustin Fabre. To a large extent the work is autobiographical, being a collection and arrangement of that part of Fabre's work, taken from his numerous books, which deals with his own life, with the gaps filled in by the author. An authoritative life that will survive. Abbe Fabre has made a distinct contribution to literature in his work, and it is to be regretted that, in the last chapter, which is entirely his own, he labors so hard, because of the bias of his faith, to make the point that the "insect's Homer" was not a believer in the theory of evolution.

The Island Cure. By Grace Blanchard. Illustrated from photographs. $1.50.

If you have not decided where to spend your summer vacation you will surely be tempted to try "the island cure" after reading Jean Beverley's delightful experiences on some of the fascinating islands along the New England coast. Jean is young and attractive, and of course she meets a charming young man in an unconventional way, and he and several of his accommodating relatives help along the "cure." The bright conversations and the descriptions of the scenery help to make an entertaining story—just the thing for summer reading.

Kinfolks. Kentucky Mountain Rhymes. By Ann Cobb. $1.50.

"The ways of the world are a-coming up Cyarr" with a tremendous rush since the war, for in camps and at the front the boys discovered how far behind their mountain communities were, and what a power for good "book larnin' " can be.

Miss Cobb is of the leaven called by "The Doctor Woman"

"Them fotched-on women, now, that runs the School,
And speechifies on Voting,"

and in this lovable little volume, with its jacket reproducing an old hand-woven coverlet ("kiver" in mountain dialect), she has combined the old ways and the new, the chivalry, the rugged simplicity, the fine independence, the hatred of war and bravery in it, and the hospitality:

" 'Hit don't cost you nothing,' I was raised to say,
'Nothing but the promise to come again and stay.' "

Just listen to "Grandsir Visits the Kindergarten"—

Twenty little children all in a ring,
Hitched my nag and listened at 'em sing.
Pretty little lady fotched me in to say
If they maneuvered the old-time way.

Twenty little voices singing out plain,
"Do-you-know-the-Muffin-Man-that-lives-in-Drury-Lane?"
"Jolly is the Miller"—Jim's favorite—
Never seed such a satisfying sight.

Forty hands a-flying—scrunching up clay,
Making paper boxes, and bead strings gay,
Painting little turkeys, black, white, and red,
Forty feet a-marching where Old Glory led.

Nary sorry faces sulling over books,
Nary crabbed teacher casting ugly looks.
Dancing round and singing, all full of joy—
Reckon we might trust 'em with pore Jim's boy?

Big Peter. By Archibald Marshall. $2.00.

Big Peter, who is really John Peter Chandos, heir to an English peerage, is one of three young men making their fortunes in the Australian gold fields. He is in the sunny twenties, blue-eyed, fair-bearded and six foot two in his socks—"the most amiable giant of a man who ever rejoiced in strong muscles and perfect health." Fastened to the wall of his hut is the picture of a beautiful girl, and his search for her makes t he story.

In London, where his quest begins, he is no longer the grub in slouched hat, old clothes and high boots, but the butterffy—"he wore a beautiful silk hat, a thin dark overcoat, with a fine knitted scarf of white silk, and shining patent leather shoes under his black trousers. He had still kept his yellow beard . . . but it had been trimmed by a Bond Street barber and did not detract from his handsome appearance."

Of course there are trials and tribulations—missing records, even a charge of murder, but do not be disturbed—Mr. Marshall is quite capable of smoothing it out, in his "Exton Manor" manner!

My Boyhood. By John Burroughs. Illustrated. $2.50.

This record of the philosopher's early years was written some time ago for his son Julian, who in addition to illustrating it with his paintings and photographs, has supplemented it by an account of "My Father."

We love to read of little John, at five, starting for his first day at school, with Olly Ann, his oldest sister, and asking eagerly at each of the houses in the mile-and-a-half walk "Who lives there?" He tells of learning his letters by the teacher's chair, and confesses to the saving grace of mischief—he used to get down under the desk and tickle the bare ankles of the big girls who sat in front!

Then Came Molly. By Harriet V. C. Ogden. Frontispiece, $1.75.

From Alloway House and a "befo' de wah" atmosphere Molly Alloway comes North to study with "Uncle Joe" Oliphant, who believes her to be "a real genius—blue heart of the flame—the very heart of it." Great-aunt Jane gives her many instructions, for "good manners take time, and the North hurries so."

Molly boards at Mrs. Glendenning's, is made welcome at the Aldens' and the Carmichaels', is enchanted with her first snowstorm, not daunted by her mud-pies at the beginning of using paints, and goes on till she wins the thousand-dollar prize for her "studio study." By that time she has crept home to hide a heartache, but discovers that the ache need not continue, and the end is "I love you."

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

April 23. Afternoon, Medford, Mass., Juniors. Evening, Somerville, Mass., First Church.

April 28-30. District Young People's Conference, Clinton, N. C.

May 1. Red Hill, N. C.

May 2. Outlaw's Bridge, N. C.

May 3. Kinston, N. C.

May 4. Durham, N. C.

May 5. Greensboro, N. C.

May 7. Washington, D. C.

May 14. Evening, District meeting, Framingham, Mass.

May 20-21. Winchester, N. H.

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GIPSY SMITH

An unfilled date gave me a spare evening in Syracuse, N. Y., during the evangelistic campaign being conducted there for several weeks by Gypsy Smith. It chanced to be the night set aside for the high school and university students of the city, so if I had had opportunity to choose which evening I would attend his meetings, this would have been the one.

Several things made an impression upon me, one of the chief being the sanity of the entire work. There was no attempt "to frighten folks into the Kingdom of God by a psychological trick," as some one has characterized the work of the ordinary revivalist. There were the yells and cheers given by the various schools when Gipsy appeared on the platform; there was good singing, by the audience led by the chorus choir, and by the Syracuse University Glee Club. Few, if any, of the words sung would have been inappropriate in a Universalist church. There was a sermon—a real sermon, that had a logical sequence of thought and feeling, but not a great sermon, for there is not a Sunday but perhaps fifty sermons just as good are preached from the pulpits of Syracuse.

After the sermon there were sung one or two hymns, during which many first stood to indicate their purpose to live according to the standards of Christ, and then came forward to take the hand of Gipsy Smith.

In sermon, prayer, hymns and invitation to come forward there was nothing in any way sensational; there was nothing to suggest the old fire and brimstone theology, the snatching of brands from the burning, the "If I should die to-night" idea.

All this lack of sensationalism and psychological trickery impressed me with another factor which was largely present, and which our Church has failed to appreciate, and that is the value of preparation, both for a service of worship, and for the accomplishment of any larger task.

Every one expected great things to happen, and they did. There had evidently been thorough advertising and planning for this particular evening. There were reserved sections for every school, and the students came in larger numbers than the reservations could accommodate.

Not only in advance publicity, but in the earlier part of the meeting itself, there was preparation for that which was to follow. Gipsy Smith entered the hall at 7.25 p. m., and began to preach at 8.45. That time was not wasted. It was spent in laying the foundation for the rest of the service. It was used to unify the audience; when Gipsy began to speak every one was distinctly friendly—that friendliness could be felt in the atmosphere. It was used to change the minds of the people there; they came with many thoughts, perhaps with worries and cares—those had to be put away before the message could reach its destination, they had to have time to forget the work of the day, the last movie witnessed, the street car service, and begin to think of God and of His love.

Some people come to church just in time to hear the sermon, and often complain because the minister is not interesting enough to hold their attention. It is only the man of rare talent and personality who can do that. Even Gipsy Smith, with the best of advance publicity and a great personality, does not attempt it. He takes twice as long to prepare his audience for his message as we do in the ordinary service of worship. Some longer time is necessary, for he has a strange audience; the regular congregation in a church is at least measurably unified, because it is more or less permanent. But it takes time for us to change our psychological clothes, and be ready for the message of the sermon, which is still the center of the service in our Protestant worship, and perhaps wisely so.

To hear Gipsy Smith that night there was an audience of a little over five thousand. The next day's papers reported eight thousand, but that was the usual exaggeration. There are less than five thousand seats in the "Arena," and there were a few hundred standing. Most of these thousand were young people, from the university and the high schools, with some younger boys and girls, and some hundreds of older people. Never before have I had such excellent opportunity for

Visualizing the Y. P. C. U.

In numbers the gathering was almost exactly the same as the Senior Young People's Christian Union of our church. In the Union there is not so large a proportion of older people, but at this meeting they were in the galleries and other less conspicuous places, so that it seemed to be largely a gathering of young people. There they were, fifty-five rows of them, reaching back until individual faces were lost in the blur of massed American youth, and behind them several rows in the balcony. Along the sides of the arena were other banks of seats, and behind the speaker's stand was the choir of perhaps four hundred people.

As I looked out over this great multitude I wished that every one in the Universalist Church might have that chance to visualize the magnificent enthusiasm, vitality and power of the members of the Young People's Christian Union. There are few things that they can not do, if wisely led, if cordially encouraged, if daringly challenged. Such a gathering of thousands of youth gives point and force to the words of William Carey, "Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God." With the youth of the Universalist Church, nothing is impossible. If you don't believe it, or if you do, come to Worcester, July 19-23.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, April 11.

For the Quiet Hour

The more routine your task, the more your thoughts are your own. And thoughts are often at their best and happiest when one is driving a nail or watching a loom.

J. Brierley.

You have seen the tops of the hills aflame with morning gold while the plain and the valley were in shadow. Even so it is with the life of the soul. If you want to know a man's spiritual prospects it is to the *hills* you must lift up your eyes. You must judge his morning hours, not by what he does, but by what he thinks. You must measure him by his aspirations, not in the man's deeds, but in his desire to do.

George Matheson.

That man is the happiest who has the most interesting things to think about.

Timothy Dwight.

We have but one life to live on this spinning globe; let us disdain to be content with aught but the *best it affords.* Let our lives be rich with the ideals of truth and of honor and with the accumulated splendors and inspirations of all the ages.

R. W. Gilder.

If we are using up every bit of our vitality in the wear and tear of everyday life, what shall we do when great emergencies call for unusual exertion or endurance? If we exhaust our reserves of nervous force in petty cares and worries, what strength shall we have to face great trials? Many of us discover too late—when the test time comes and finds us wanting—that we have lavished on the trivial what should have been reserved for the most difficult and serious experiences of life.

The Congregationalist.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

TO OBSERVE WOMEN'S DAY

The following Mission Circles have re-rned cards indicating their intention of rrying out the plans suggested for April :

Norwich, Conn.
Stamford, Conn.
Clinton, Ill.
Marseilles, Ill.
Stockton, Ill.
Muncie, Ind.
Gardiner, Maine.
Guilford, Maine.
Pittsfield, Maine.
Portland (All Souls), Maine.
Portland (Messiah), Maine.
Rumford, Maine.
Waterville, Maine.
Arlington, Mass.
Brockton, Mass.
Brookline, Mass.
First Church, Cambridge, Mass.
Third Church, North Cambridge, Mass.
Chelsea, Mass.
First Church, Lowell, Mass.
New Bedford, Mass.
Southbridge, Mass.
Second Church, Springfield, Mass.
South and West Acton, Mass.
Manchester, N. H.
Woodsville, N. H.
East Aurora, N. Y.
Canandaigua, N. Y.
Little Falls, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Kinston, N. C.
Mason, Ohio.
Plain City, Ohio.
Mitchellville, Iowa.
Philadelphia (Messiah), Penn.
East Providence, R. I.
Woonsocket, R. I.
Barre, Vt.
Wausau, Wis.

* *

IN THE FIELD

Ever since my "little journeys" through rts of the Middle West last fall I have en looking forward to a more extended o this spring. Accordingly I boarded train on March 17 with real anticipa-n. Ever since that date, with an occa-nal exception, I have attended one and netimes two meetings each day, speak- in the interest of the women's work as ried out through the Mission Circle and Clara Barton Guild.

Ohio

the first state visited and during the k there I met with the Guilds of seven rches, beginning with LeRoy, Kent and ron. Turning southward I stopped at umbus to attend a meeting of the Mis-n Circle and upon reaching Cincinnati days later I stepped suddenly from ter into spring. Grass was green, leaves were budding and daffodils nodding at every turn.

The Cincinnati Guild claimed my attention the first evening and during the two days following. Mrs. Nash, the state Guild chairman, went with me to Milford and Blanchester. On my return I stopped for a meeting of the Columbus Guild and found the members busily engaged in making vestments for the children's choir, about to be introduced in the morning service. Norwalk was the last place visited and from there I journeyed into

Michigan

for an afternoon meeting of the Mission Circle at the church in Detroit. It happened to be Wednesday and each week this particular evening is known as "church night" here. Families gather for supper, after which they divide into groups for a social time. The homelike atmosphere of the parish house and the fine spirit of friendliness combine to make each one feel a real part of this larger "church family." After the social hour I met the young women present and we talked over matters pertaining to the organization of a Clara Barton Guild.

(To be continued)

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MY TRIP TO VERMONT

It was a fine day in early March when the train, which was headed for Vermont, carried a traveler as far as Springfield. The mountains were resplendent in their dazzling beauty, the hills stretched away with icy smoothness and the traveler marveled at the greatness of it all. This was Saturday.

On Sunday the world was experiencing one of the worst storms of the season. Our traveler, refreshed after her night's rest, betook herself with a cheerful heart to the village church and conducted the morning service and preached the sermon to the bravers of the storm. A group of enthusiastic workers gathered at the close of Sunday school and discussed many vital problems pertaining to the school.

How fine it is for so many of our churches to have loyal workers, who, without leadership, will "stick to the rigging and save the ship." Thus it was, as the journey progressed, the faithful were ever there and from them the old, old question, "How can we get *more* workers?"

Monday morning dawned bright and clear. "The calm that follows the storm." Hartland Four Corners was enveloped in the streaming rays of the sun which could scarcely exceed the warmth of the welcome that everywhere awaited the one who had come to bring help and encouragement to the workers. You have guessed before now that our traveler is bent on such a mission. How encouraging! For several years the Sunday school has been held in the homes. Now comes the demand for a church service and a new man has been called as the leader. How worth while is our work with the young.

Our lady's mind was flooded with happy thoughts as she boarded the train for Bellows Falls. Before the late afternoon, thoughts were not the only things that were flooded, however. Could it rain any harder, do you think? It is fortunate that the weather does not dampen spirits. The pouring rain was only a pleasant accompaniment to the music of accord as the welfare of the school was discussed.

What can mean this array of banners? This is the second time that the "Honor" banners have appeared, Springfield and Bellows Falls. They have won honors granted by the International Association. Can the reader realize the joy that springs up in the heart of the traveler as she comprehends the meaning of this? Two Universalist schools are leading in progress in two different departments of the work.

It would be such a delight to sojourn with each of these parishes, but time flies and our lady must be on her way, for Rutland and Barre, St. Johnsbury and Morrisville, are to be visited during the week.

Here is a church which has caught a vision of larger service and more efficient work. A remodeling is under way, such as will make it possible for the Sunday school to have a place in which to work. Here several schools are represented and two very interesting conferences are held. Time seems altogether too short for all the questions that arise.

The next visit finds the people downhearted and saddened because their pastor is leaving them soon. What can the traveler say to brighten their spirits and encourage them?

Sunday is here again, with its attending duties—the conducting of the morning service, a visit to the splendid school and afternoon conference. The last of the delightful tour.

The journey homeward is filled with the happy thoughts of ten days in the Green Mountain State. The little black notebook is heavy with orders for books, material, slogans, certificates and what not. With a prayer in her heart that she has brought a bit of inspiration, a bit of encouragement, a bit of help to the faithful people whose lives she has been able to touch only slightly, our traveler ends a most happy visit to Vermont.

S. J. M.

Among Our Churches

Mid-West Letter

Wausau, Wis.—The Mid-West Superintendent visited this great church and received wonderful inspiration for his own activities. It is a blessing to any official of the denomination to spend a Sunday in Wausau. Rev. William J. Taylor is the pastor. I was given hospitable entertainment in his home, and a fine audience greeted me on the Sunday I preached. The snow drifted and poured down all that day, and still a large audience came. On the next day, the parish women prepared a feast of good things to eat, and I enjoyed one of the most royal receptions ever tendered the Superintendent in this district. After a great feast, the friends (100 in number) listened to the story I gave of "Progress in the Mid-West District"—which was evidently appreciated. * * **LaCrosse, Wis.**—Rev. Nellie Mann Opdale, the pastor here since last September, has won the confidence and respect of every one, and she is doing a good constructive work. LaCrosse is back on the Universalist map, and will surely succeed. I preached several evenings, and some solid constructive work was accomplished for the local church. It was very heartening to hear the minister say "Mr. Robinson, you have left the general impression upon our people that your work is to be a *big brother* and to encourage us to larger things." This is just what I have been seeking to do all over the district. * * **Oaklandon, Ind.**—This is the most inspiring little church one can imagine. Without a pastor, they have gone ahead and erected a beautiful church—worth perhaps $35,000—and they desired a special series of meetings. The Superintendent was called, and within one week received into this church forty-eight new members. The audiences were good, running from 250 to 300 every evening. And such music I scarcely ever heard in my life. Two evenings the special choir was composed of small children—ranging in age from ten to twelve. They sang wonderfully. This was one of the most inspiring occasions of all my ministry, without doubt. One night twenty young men and women left the choir and came down and lined up in front of the minister to be received into the church—fifteen of these being young men, the others being young women. On the closing Sunday morning a lady said, "Mr. Robinson, if you will stay one more week, nobody will be left out of our church," and it seemed literally true, but I had to leave for Logansport, where meetings were already announced to begin the same evening. Eight new subscriptions for the *Universalist Leader* were taken at the last service, and others will be secured later. Oaklandon is on the Universalist map to be heard from. * * **North-Side Mission, Chicago.**—Rev. Lucy Markley is the pastor here. She is making substantial progress in securing prospective members and friends who will help erect a church sometime in the future, on the North Side of this great city, where many Universalists are to be found. * * Rev. William Garner, pastor at Stockton, Ill., will be ordained in his church on April 14, by Dr. Fisher and Dr. Huntley. Those assisting will be Dr. Frank D. Adams, of Elgin, Ill., and Rev. Noel E. Spicer, of Sycamore. * * Rev. Armon Cheek, of Georgia, more recently of Chattanooga, Tenn., is now preaching in southern Illinois, and is helping Rev. Edward M. Minor in Hutsonville and other points. We expect Mr. Cheek will soon be settled over a parish in that section. * * As "zone chairman" of the Washington Memorial Perin Cate House Committee, I have appointed a state chairman, and though getting a later start than expected, will have all committees busy at an early date.

Luther Riley Robinson.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

May 9. Annual Meeting, Universalist Historical Society, Roxbury Church. 3 p. m. Illustrated Lecture by Edwin J. Lewis, "The Architectural Development of the New England Meeting House."

May 10-11. Connecticut Convention, Norwich.

May 15. Clara Barton Birthplace, North Oxford, Mass. Visitors' season opens.

May 17-18. Massachusetts State Convention, Lawrence.

June 30-July 2. Texas Convention, Elgin.

July 19-23. Y. P. C. U. Convention, Worcester, Mass.

July 24-30. Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Maine.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	115
Old Town, Me.	12
Grove Hall, Mass.	3
Lynn, Mass.	2
Melrose, Mass.	
Methuen, Mass.	
Salem, Mass.	4
Lawrence, Mass	2
Philadelphia, Pa., Messiah	2
Bridgeport, Conn.	1
New Haven, Conn.	1
Pittsfield, Maine	1
Concord, N. H.	
Oaklandon, Ind.	4
Brooklyn, N. Y., Good Tidings	
Total	34

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 12. Melrose, Mass 1. Total, 13.

PERSONAL

Mr. Robert L. Whitcomb of Portland Me., has been appointed Maine Stat Chairman of the campaign for the Wash ington Memorial Church and the Perin Cate Home.

The Rev. Guy C. Robbins, D. D., is member of the strike committee, consistin of seven clergymen, appointed by th mayor of Lawrence, Mass., to confer wit the striking textile workers and the mi officials in the hope of getting the opposin sides together.

Carol Luella Masseck, daughter of th Rev. and Mrs. Frank Lincoln Masseck o Santa Paula, Cal., was married on Apr 21 to Russell Storer Smith. The ceremon was performed at Ryder House, Chicag by the Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D Dean L. B. Fisher assisting. The groom a graduate of Massachusetts Institute o Technology in the class of 1919.

By the moving of Mr. and Mrs. Henr A. Niven to Attleboro, Mass., the Roche ter, N. Y., church will lose two of its mo enthusiastic workers. Mr. Niven is to o ganize and direct a new department in th well-known firm of L. G. Balfour, Attl boro. For years Mr. Niven has taugl in the Rochester Sunday school and h also been superintendent of the scho Since coming to that city a few years ag Mrs. Niven has thrown herself into the wo of the church wherever she could lend hand. Rochester's loss will be Attlebor gain.

Illinois

Chicago, St. Paul's.—Rev. L. Wa Brigham, D. D., pastor. The canva period for funds for the Washington M morial Church and the Perin-Cate Ho will be Oct. 1-8. Henry C. Morris, 11 Hyde Park Boulevard, Chicago, is lo chairman.

Chicago, Redeemer.—Rev. L. B. Fish D. D., pastor. At the evening service Palm Sunday Dr. Fisher gave a lectu illustrated by fifty pictures by the worl

atest artists, on "The Last Week of us' Earthly Life." The Y. P. C. U. ently joined the young people of St. ul's Church in a union service. On onday evening, April 3, the Clara Barton uild and the Golden Star Guild welcomed e field secretary of the W. N. M. A., iss Susan M. Andrews, at a supper and eting held at the church.

Indiana

Salem.—Since the resignation of Rev. C. Beckett in August, this church has en without a pastor, although not algether without preaching services. Mr. terhaus preached one Sunday morning d evening in October. On the Sunday lowing the Detroit Convention Rev. mes Houghton visited us and preached o excellent sermons. In February Miss elen Line of Ryder House, Chicago, gave address to the Y. P. C. U. and one to e Sunday school, and on April 2 Rev. . O. Bodell, formerly of Mountville, C., who has recently taken the Galvesn, Pleasant Valley and Salem Circuit, eached morning and evening to interested ngregations. Many more were present an, on account of the extremely bad contions of the roads, was expected. We lieve that Mr. Bodell will prove to be he right man in the right place." The . P. C. U. is active and enthusiastic. holds devotional and social meetings ternately, and is now busy rehearsing r a play. The Sunday school has been organized, and Mr. George Hanks, who under twenty-one years of age, elected perintendent to succeed Mr. Roy Mosely, ho has conducted the school so successfully r the past two years. We are fitting p a special room for the little folks of the unday school and are also making other nprovements. Our next big event is the ll-day annual meeting, June 4.

Maine

Old Town.—Rev. Harriet B. Robinson, astor. Following our Maundy Thursay communion and fellowship service, welve applicants, among whom were six igh school students, were received into e church. The membership, which two ears ago was forty-five, is now eightyve. The Sunday school has increased bout one-third in the last year. The omrades have a membership of twentyeven. The Ladies' Sewing Circle grows numbers and interest. At their Easter afeteria supper, $100 was cleared, and the fair was especially successful from a social andpoint. Since January the Y. P. C. U. as doubled its membership, and now has active and associate membership of irty. A Clara Barton Guild was organized in January, and a Woman's Misonary Association will have completed s organization in time to assist in the aywomen's service for April 30. The ulpit was ably supplied by the young eople on Y. P. C. U. Sunday, and by the omrades on Laymen's Sunday. The pastor is most happy in the splendid cooperation of the members of the church and auxiliary bodies.

Massachusetts

Salem.—Rev. U. S. Milburn, pastor. Over 600 attended the Easter services. Forty-five new members were received, twenty-seven of whom were men. The offering was considerably over $1,000.

Pittsfield.—Rev. Sidney J. Willis, pastor. The church was crowded for the Easter service. There was a fine musical program, and the decorations were elaborate and beautiful. Twelve members were received into the church, four women and eight men.

Lawrence.—Rev. C. G. Robbins, D. D., pastor. On Jan. 1, Dr. Robbins entered upon the fifteenth year of his present pastorate. We hope that the same happy relations may continue for many years to come and that our church may continue to show the steady growth which has been manifest in the past. Dr. and Mrs. George E. Leighton were guests at the annual parish supper, Jan. 4. Over $4,600 was pledged during the evening for the parish budget, and with what has come in since the total is more than $5,800. The attendance at the special mid-week Lenten services has been larger than ever before. Rev. G. E. Huntley, D. D., Rev. U. S. Milburn, D. D., Rev. F. S. Walker, Rev. Charles Conklin, D. D., Rev. C. J. Cowing, Rev. H. H. Niles, and Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., have been the speakers. Dr. Robbins has also been preaching a splendid series of Lenten sermons. Our vestry is being thoroughly renovated, and it will be most attractive when the work is done. A new lighting system has been installed. Window shades and blue velour curtains will replace the old wooden blinds. Committees are busy preparing for the State Convention in May. Nineteen of our men attended the recent mass meeting of Comrades in Boston. Henry R. Murphy, one of our young men, now in Turkey, recently made an appeal, through Dr. Robbins, to the people of Lawrence to raise $3,000 to help in his work among the orphans. The Chamber of Commerce has started a drive for $20,000 for the Near East Relief and has voted to give $3,000 of this amount to Mr. Murphy. Many of our people have already contributed.

Peabody.—The Ladies' Circle has been working busily and results have been most encouraging. From their fair in March they received a profit of $1,455.

Cambridge, First Church.—Rev. A. E. Wilson, pastor. Following out a plan started last year the choir of the church, enlarged for the occasion, assisted by Miss Marion Lowd, our soprano soloist, Mr. Alton P. Cole, tenor, and Mr. J. Everett Collins, bass, of the First Parish Church in Brookline, gave a musical service on Palm Sunday afternoon. The cantata "From Olivet to Calvary" by Maunder was presented this year, and from every point of view it was a distinct contribution to the spirit and worship of Holy Week. It was given with a reverent appreciation of the events pictured as well as with a sense of musical values which was unusual. The large auditorium was filled to capacity, many of our churches in Greater Boston being represented in the congregation. The response of the people to the form of service proves its value and assures its continuance, at least in this church. Great credit for the success of the presentation is due to Frank P. Stanton, organist, and G. Sidney Stanton, director of our choir, as well as to the soloists and every member of the chorus, all of whom had worked hard in preparation.

Springfield, St. Paul's.—Rev. Delmar E. Trout, pastor. The Men's Club have for discussion during the month of April the general question, "The Disappearing Home," which is divided into the following topics: "The Family Life of To-day," "The Tenement and Apartment Problem," and "Woman, Industry and the Home." On March 20 the Men's Bible Class was entertained at the home of E. J. Hoskins at Longmeadow. A bountiful supper was served. "Mr. Bob," a comedy in two acts, which was presented March 17, was the first attempt of the Junior Club in Dramatics, and the cast as a whole did excellent work. Much credit is due Miss Adele King for her capable coaching. She is a graduate of the New York Dramatic School and has appeared in several of the Senior Dramatics. The Senior Dramatic Club is working on the play "The Colonel's Maid."

Grove Hall.—Rev. Warren B. Brigham, pastor. Three new members united with the church at the services on Holy Thursday.

Melrose.—Rev. L. L. Lewis, pastor. Holy Thursday was observed with a very impressive communion service, with music by the quartet. Six members were given the right hand of fellowship, one of whom was baptized. A service was also held on Good Friday evening. Easter Sunday services were held in the morning, with a Sunday school concert at noon, and an Easter cantata in the evening.

Lynn.—Rev. F. W. Perkins, D. D., pastor. Twenty-three were received into membership at the Holy Thursday service.

Worcester, First.—Rev. V. E. Tomlinson, D. D., pastor. By the vote of the board of trustees, our Easter offering this year is to be for Tufts College. Sixty-one young people were present at the Y. P. C. U. meeting, April 2. It was enrollment night, and fourteen joined the Union. It looks as though, when the Conventioners come, we can welcome them with one hundred Unioners. The Ladies' Circle, the pioneer organization of our women, with a long record of successful undertakings under many capable leaders, never had a better year than the last, as the reports at the annual meeting, April 5, showed. Besides the money raised and

distributed, we are indebted to the Circle for the fine monthly suppers given during the year, with their opportunities for acquaintance and fellowship.

New York

Southold.—Rev. Abram Conklin, pastor. The parish has celebrated its eighty-fifth birthday. It is to have an excellent pipe-organ installed in July. Other improvements include new roofing, new interior walls and decoration and electric lighting. These with the parsonage and parish house will make an excellent equipment for the work of the church. The parish with the aid of some of its friends has raised $4,000 for the organ and improvements. Another $1,000 will be needed and it is hoped that this also may be contributed during the year.

North Carolina

Greensboro.—Rev. R. S. Kellerman, pastor. F. G. Baldwin and his family from Blanchester, Ohio, J. E. Williams and his family from Kinston, N. C., and several Unitarians who said they would aid us if we undertook to organize a church, formed the nucleus from which our present church has grown. In August, 1920, Mr. Kellerman, who last January came to Greensboro to devote his entire time to the work, first preached, and from November, 1920, to January, 1922, services were held every third Sunday evening of the month. In 1921 the church was organized with twenty-five members. Congregations have varied in size from twenty to ninety, and at every meeting there have been new faces. We have advertised our work in the daily papers, publishing the doctrines of Universalism. From these advertisements have come many inquiries. Information, tracts and books have been sent out to people interested. Services are now held in a hall which we have converted into a very pleasant auditorium, and we have organized a Sunday school with a membership of twenty-one. We feel that we have done well to make such progress.

Ohio

Little Hocking.—The canvass for funds for the Washington Memorial Church will be continued until April 30. Earl Holden is local chairman.

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FERRY BEACH NOTES

The Ferry Beach Park Association, Ferry Beach, Me., will hold its forty-first session July 21-Aug. 27.

The Institutes are as follows: Young People's Week, July 24-30. General Sunday School Association, July 31-Aug. 6. Women's National Missionary Association, Aug. 7-13.

The kitchen and dining room equipment will be increased this season. A new recreation room for men is also planned.

At Ferry Beach you will find the inspiration to help carry on the work of the Church during the year. To no better cause can you make a gift, for Ferry Beach is a national institution and is doing a work not done by any other organization. Help to make Ferry Beach serve an ever increasing number as the years go by.

W. R. Thomson, Vice-President,
Ferry Beach Park Association.

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DEATH OF REV. J. B. FOSHER

Rev. J. B. Fosher died at his home in Troy, Ohio, on Thursday morning, April 6. Services were held at his home Friday afternoon, Rev. J. L. Wolbach officiating. The body was taken to Fincastle, Ind., where services were held in the church that Mr. Fosher helped to build, and where for eighteen years prior to his ordination as a minister, he had been superintendent of the Sunday school. Rev. Wellington Holmes of Logansport, Ind., officiated at these services, and interment was at Blakesburg Cemetery, within sight of his birthplace and boyhood home

A more extended notice of the life and work of Mr. Fosher will appear in a later issue.

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Notices

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CHAPTER OF COMRADES

The State Board of the Massachusetts State Chapter of Comrades desires to co-operate with every local chapter, and to help in the organization of new chapters. Write to us freely about your problems, and we shall be glad to help in any way possible. Let us put the old Bay State at the front in this movement!

William R. Thomson, President,
11 Temple Place, Boston.

Alvar Polk, Secretary,
176 Newbury Street, Boston.

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POSTERS WANTED

The Clara Barton Memorial Committee invites our Universalist young women to assist the publicity department by making posters descriptive of the work and life of Clara Barton, to be exhibited in public places.

Mail posters to the Women's National Missionary Association, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., by May 1, if possible. The distribution will be made at the discretion of the committee. The dimensions of the posters should be approximately 18 x 24 inches, and the following words should appear on each one: "Birthplace of Clara Barton, North Oxford, Mass. Open to visitors. Admission Fee, 25 cents."

Churches desiring posters should notify us.

Mrs. Hendrik Vossema.

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Y. P. C. U. CONVENTION
Official Call

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church (incorporated) will be held in Worcester, Mass., beginning at 7.30 p. m., July 19, 1922.

This meeting is for the purpose of receiving reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before it.

Louis F. Merlin,
Secretary.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 11, 1922.

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TUFTS JUMBO PATTIES

Help Tufts College raise its Million Dollar Endowment. Buy Jumbo Patties, 10 cents apiece. *The Leader* will place your order for any quantity you may desire.

Obituary

Mrs. Emily J. Kennard

Friends of the Universalist faith will be grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. J. D. Kennard, which occurred at Lawrence, Kansas, March 15.

Emily J. Vickers was born in Big Run, Ohio, Aug. 27, 1855, and moved to New Sharon, Iowa, in 1866. She was married to J. D. Kennard in 1873. In 1881, the Kennard and Vickers families moved to Seneca, Kansas.

Mrs. Kennard united with the Universalist church in 1876, and during the remainder of her life was an enthusiastic, devoted worker. The Sunday school field was her choice, but she worked in all departments. For several years she took active part in five church services on Sunday and was president of the Ladies' Society.

She befriended many young people, helping to develop their talents and to fit themselves for something useful in the world. Many owe their positions in life to her influence.

She was a member of the W. C. T. U. over twenty years, and well did she serve her community in this field. "Our Little General always did the hard, disagreeable task herself" is the message from all members. When she went to Lawrence, the Union had a membership of twelve. Mrs. Kennard, as president, increased the membership to over three hundred and made the Union one of the strongest organizations for civic and social betterment in this university town.

With all this work, Mrs. Kennard never neglected her home. The love which she had for the world was more manifest toward her family. Her children do not recall their mother's losing her temper or speaking an unkind word to them or to any one with whom she came in contact.

Hers was a life of loving service. Her spirit lives on earth in the lives of those whom she helped, comforted, and inspired.

She is survived by her husband, J. D. Kennard, and one son, Will, of Lawrence, and one daughter, Dr. Mabel Kennard Mahoney of Philadelphia. One daughter, Mrs. Ressa Kennedy, died two years ago.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Fred A. Line of Junction City and were attended by a large number of people, including officials of the state W. C. T. U. and 250 members of the local organization.

Mrs. Margaret Hawn

Mrs. Margaret Hawn died recently at her home in Fort Plain, N. Y., aged eighty-four. She had lived in Fort Plain all her life, and died in the house in which she was born.

She was the oldest member of the Fort Plain Universalist church, and next to her home it was the dearest spot on earth to her, and to it she left one-third of her estate. She was the "Cheerful Letter" writer of the Mission Circle, and wrote many letters to the shut-ins. She will be greatly missed in the church, and by a large circle of friends outside the church.

Funeral services were held at the home, her pastor, Rev. Herbert Frank Moulton, officiating.

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Crackling

They were talking about women friends.

"Do you see Emma often?" one inquired.

"Oh, yes, quite frequently," the other replied.

"Is she happily married?"

"Is she? I'll say she is. Why, that girl is so happily married she has to go to the theater for a good cry."—*Indianapolis News.*

* *

"Have they a family tree?"

"Mercy, yes! To hear them talk you'd think some of its branches were used as timber in building the *Mayflower.*"—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

* *

It is unfortunate that we can never know Darwin's opinion of Bryanism.—*New York Tribune.*

* *

Automobiles wouldn't be dangerous if the horsepower of the engine was proportioned to the horse sense of the driver.—*Marion Star.*

* *

The Germans are said to be exporting to this country toy motor-cars made from waste material, such as old oil-cans, at seven marks a dozen. Mr. Ford is reported to be looking thoughtful but confident.—*Punch (London).*

* *

The unsophisticated little woodpecker can knock faster than the best-trained gossip. Ain't Nature wonderful?—*Boston Post.*

* *

No Brains

The shades of night were falling fast,
The fool "stepped on it" and rushed past.
A crash—he died without a sound;
They opened up his head and found
Excelsior!

—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

John: "Just burned up a $100 bill."

Demijohn: "You must be a millionaire."

John: "Well, it's easier to burn them than pay them."—*The Stanford Chaparral.*

* *

Co-ed: "Why didn't you find out who he was when the professor called the roll?"

Another Co-ed: "I did try to, but he answered for four different names."—*Showme.*

* *

The recent stories in the *Companion* about the difficulties that mothers have had in persuading their children to have their ears washed has led a contributor to tell what happened when her small boy was asked whether he should prefer to go to a picture show or to a concert. The boy really wanted to go to the concert, but he chose the picture show instead. When asked why, he said that going to a dark room would make washing his ears unnecessary.—*Youth's Companion.*

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